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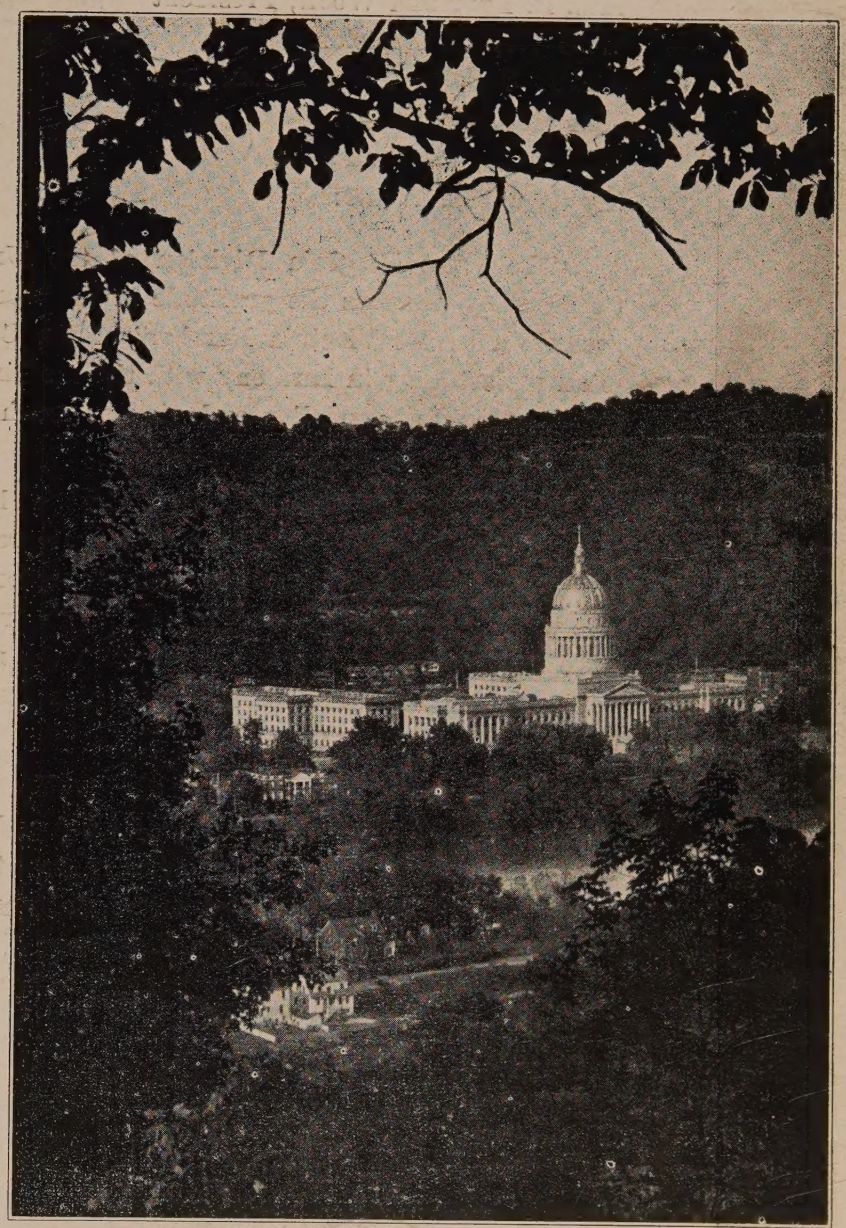

WEST VIRGINIA'S MAGNIFICENT CAPITOL, CHARLESTON

West Virginia Number

Vol. II 25c Copy No. 9

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
CHARLESTON

H. G. KUMP
GOVERNOR

Mrs. R. Raymond Woolf, President
West Virginia Division
United Daughters of the Confederacy
2114 Kanawha Street
Charleston, West Virginia
My dear Mrs. Woolf:

The West Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy deserves the gratitude of all West Virginians for making possible a "West Virginia Number" of the Southern Magazine. This is an undertaking in harmony with the sustained high purpose of your organization to keep alive and vibrant much of the past and of the present that is good and wholesome.

We are not always so fortunate in the kind of publicity, a great deal of it unmerited, which we as a State receive in newspapers and magazines. I am sure that your splendid effort to acquaint people who live without our borders with some of the worth while things which we have done and are doing here, and with the natural beauties and conveniences with which our State is so plentifully supplied, will be productive of lasting benefits.

It is my privilege as Governor of West Virginia to commend the West Virginia Division officers and members for their initiative and energy in this behalf. I take this opportunity, too, to extend West Virginia's greetings to those citizens of other states who read and enjoy the "West Virginia Number." We shall hope that what they find in its pages will cause many of them to want to know us better.

Sincerely
H. G. KUMP
Governor

The First Word

To Amanda Austin Bryne, Ex-President-General, Charleston, W. Va., is this issue lovingly dedicated by The Southern Magazine. Through her influence the publication came into being,—through her loyalty and support has it thrived.

* * * *

To the efforts of Mrs. R. Raymond Woolf, President of the West Virginia Division, and to Mrs. S. D. Brady, Division Historian, is due the credit for the very fine issue which we present for the State of West Virginia. This number is filled with much obscure, or forgotten history of this section, which will prove to be a valuable acquisition to our files.

* * * *

The next issue will be devoted to South Carolina, and promises to be a very interesting number. The president, Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, has charge of the work for her Division.

* * * *

COMING!—One of the most fascinating and complete articles on Father Ryan—Poet, Priest and Patriot of the War Between the States and the South. This article will be continued through several issues. Do not miss this opportunity.

* * * *

Next issue will carry the Honor Roll of Divisions and Chapters that have completed, or gone over the ten per cent requirement for subscriptions this year. Where will your Division or Chapter stand? Please read the President-General's Message.

* * * *

Send in your Division and Chapter news to The Southern Magazine, Wytheville, Virginia.

* * * *

The Club Plan, which has proven so successful, has been continued by request of Miss Anne V. Mann, general chairman of subscriptons, to March 30, 1936. Please remember this and avail yourself of it.

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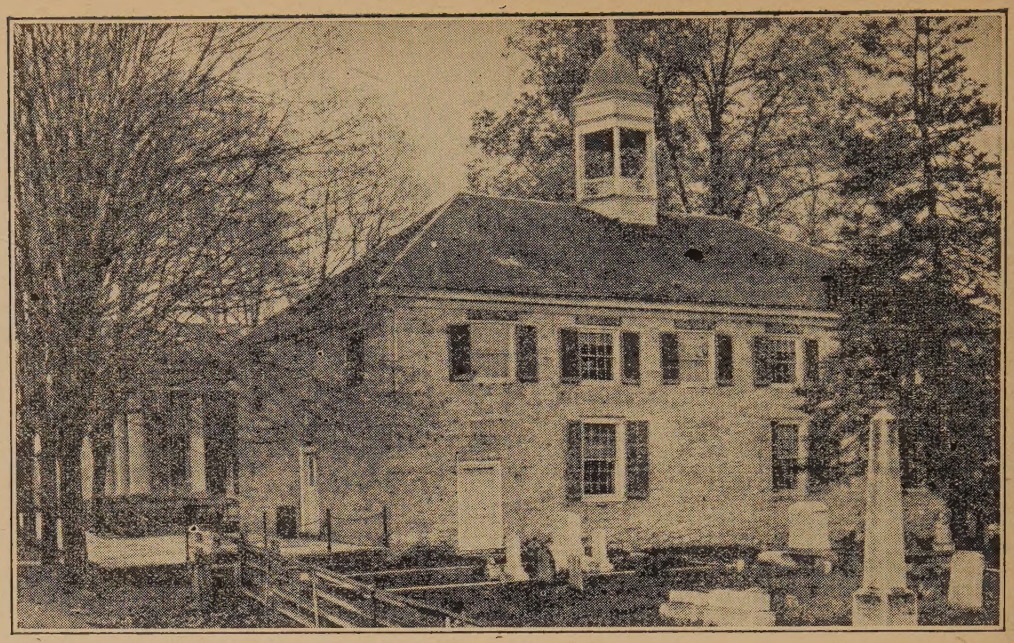
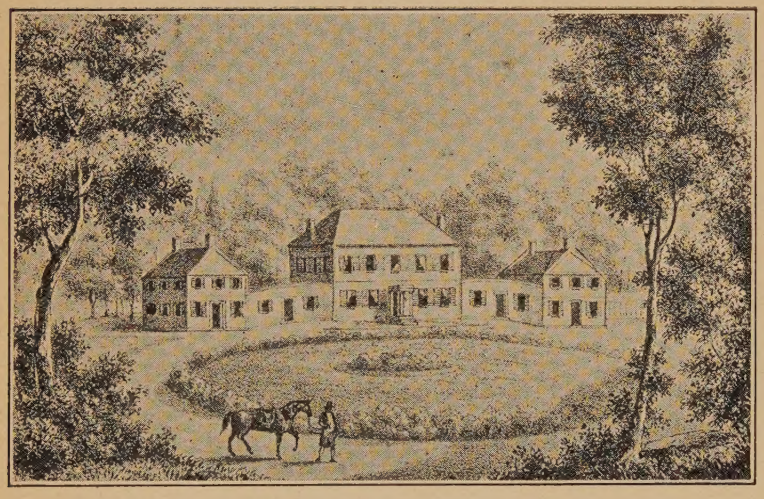
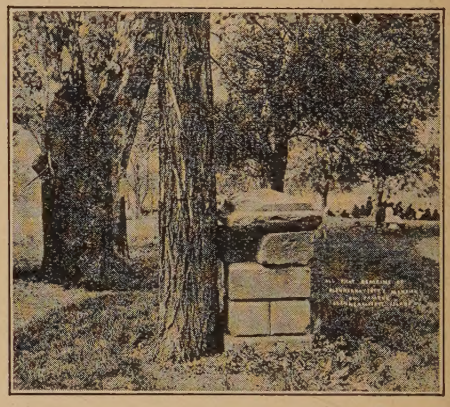
Old Stone Church erected at Lewisburg in 1796





Blennerhasset Mansion



All that remains of Blennerhasset Mansion

Seneca Rocks,

West Virginia From Colonial Times

By ELINOR WOOLF

WEST Virginia, even in prehistoric times, served as a crossroads, a land of special interest and value to those people traveling from place to place for the varied purpose of life that did not fit into the usual routine. As evidence of this are to be seen today the mammoth Mounds left by the early peoples of a mysterious and unknown origin. There are still several fine examples in the different sections of the state, notably at Moundsville. Here is the greatest monument of antiquity in the Ohio Valley. It is seventy feet high and nine hundred feet in circumference. It has been partially explored. Vaults in tiers were discovered and many skeletons. An inscribed tablet was removed, that, although in an unknown tongue, has more attention of scientist and antiquarians at home and abroad than any relic of the vanished race found in America. There are other mounds at Point Pleasant, South Charleston. Those at Charleston, although not so large, are interesting and valuable.

Through mountain passes and by rivers are found indications that bison and elk traveled. Before the earliest settlers knew this country it was the "happy hunting ground" of the Red Man, a land that belonged to all and not the home of any one tribe. Throughout the State there are many trails used by the Indians; such as Seneca Trail, now a National Highway. Relics, in the past have been found in great quantities in every section of the State, as clay pots, tomahawks, arrow points, picture rocks and so on. In many sections, as at "Pack Horse Ford," so much has been unearthed that the tradition of a great battle, fought between Indian Tribes from the North and South, took place here, is pretty well substantiated. The Indian History of West Virginia is not a small part of the glamour and romance of the "Western Mountains."

From almost earliest colonial days history tells us of men of sturdy, pioneer make-up, looking toward and gradually pushing their way through the unbroken virgin forest and the rugged mountain lands. The French and English both realized the importance of securing a right to this country. A leaden plate was washed out and found at the mouth of the Kanawha River, upon which was inscribed; "In the year 1749, reign of Louis XV., king of France, we Celeron, Commandant———sent———to establish tranquility———buried this plate at the mouth of the Chinodashhichetha———near the River Ohio, otherwise Beautiful River, as a monument of possession, which we have taken of the River Ohio———and of all lands on both sides as far as the sources of said rivers; the same was enjoyed by the preceeding King———etc.

A replica of this plate may be seen in Tu Endie-Wei Park at Point Pleasant. In this same park may be seen, also, one of the best examples of frontier architecture, the Mansion House; the grave of Mad Ann Bailey; the monument commemorating the Battle of Point Pleasant fought between Colonial troops and Indian warriors, October 10, 1774; also the graves of leaders and soldiers who were killed in this bloody fight. In the Court House Square is the grave of "Cornstalk," the great Indian Chief.

Numerous settlers, soldiers and traders traveled the trail that later was known as the James and New River Turnpike. This was the direct route to the Ohio country, Kentucky and the southern part of Western Virginia. Many of the families now living in this part of the State trace their lineage back to Virginia and the Carolinas and also to Pennsylvania and Eastern ports of entrance. The stories of heroism and bravery are no less thrilling than those of the earlier settled states. The hardships, dangers, and privations of a borderland made for personal courage and bravery.

The history of the Eastern Panhandle is so closely allied with that of the Mother State, Virginia, that it is impossible to separate them in reality though they are now two States. Much of the glory of the men and women of that section is a common and invaluable heritage,—sufficient to satisfy the justifiable pride of all.

Long before Washington became "First in the hearts of his countrymen" he had his place in the life of Western Virginia. He was always eager to explore the wilderness and as a surveyor opened and charted land and is known to have owned 30,000 acres of land in what is now West Virginia, including choice plots along the Ohio, in Morgan County, and on Bull Skin Creek near Charles Town. He also had a cottage at "Bath" or "Warm Springs" in Berkeley County. He visited Monongahelia and Preston Counties in 1784. In 1770, Washington set out with friends in a canoe on the Ohio River and visited Brooke and Hancock Counties, the site of Wheeling, passed Tylor and Pleasant Counties. They reached the mouth of the little Kanawha, where Parkersburg now stands, on down to the mouth of the great Kanawha at Point Pleasant into Putman County.

The Washington family has left a very decided stamp on the life and history of the State. There are beautiful and interesting homes and lands owned by this family to this day. In the midst of a difficult campaign in the Revolutionary War, Washington, by the following showed how great was his regard for the people of this State: "Strip me of the wretched remenant of my soldiers, take from me all I have left—leave me but a standard—give me but the means of placing it upon the Mountains of West Augusta and I will yet draw around me the men who will lift up their bleeding country from the dust and yet set her free."

(Continued on page 42)

JACKSON'S MILL

By PAULINE SPANGLER MACLIN

A freckled faced farm boy of fifteen stood scratching his back against a big, rough, hewn timber, one of the supports in an old mill along the West Fork River in central West Virginia. In reply to a teasing remark he said, "Well, who knows? Maybe 'Stonewall' Jackson scratched his back against this very post when he was my size."

And so with visions of being able to "rub in" some of the qualities of the boy, Tom Jackson, which made him the immortal "Stonewall", this farm boy expressed the feeling in the hearts of thousands of boys and girls of rural West Virginia who visit this same old mill and receive some of the finest inspiration of their lives.

An uncle of Thomas J. Jackson whose birthplace was at Clarksburg, lived near Jane Lew on a farm about twenty miles up the West Fork River from Clarksburg and ran a large grist mill on the banks of this sluggish little stream. "Tom," as his neighbors called him, spent a great deal of time with his uncle, fishing in the West Fork, no doubt helped with the farm work and played around the mill, a familiar figure to the farmers who bought their grist to Jackson's Mill.

Years after Thomas went to West Point and took the first step in his military career, the frame house near the mill where he worked with his uncle burned to the ground. In 1921 the only indication that the place had any historic connections or significance was a huge granite marker standing on the site of the home which had faced the old mill which was still standing but in a bad state of repair.

For some time prior to 1921 the leaders of the 4-H clubs of West Virginia had seen the need of a more suitable place where the rural people of the state, the boys and girls of the 4-H clubs in particular, could come together for their annual meetings which had been held for many years on the campus of West Virginia University.

The Monongahela West Penn, a power and traction company, owned about five acres of land near the right of way of their interurban trolly line from Clarksburg to Weston. On this plot of ground stood the old Jackson's Mill. The land was level, in a good farming section, near the center of the state, easily accessible and seemed most suitable for a camp and recreational center.

Through the activities of Nat T. Frame, director of the Extension Division of the College of Agriculture of West Virginia University, and William H. Kendrick, in charge of the 4-H clubs, many citizens of Weston and nearby communities became interested, state officials and the West Penn authorities cooperated and Jackson's Mill was given to West Virginia University to be used as a training center for rural leadership.

The first group met there in 1921, encamped in a few tents and an old shack. By 1922 a large mess hall was built, the old mill was restored, except for machinery, with all original timbers.

The State of West Virginia bought more land until the entire old Jackson farm is now part of the camp ground. Money was also appropriated for assembly hall, bath houses, a magnificent stone dining hall and swimming pool. Twelve counties have built cottages of log, stone or frame, all of them attractive and most convenient for their boys and girls who come for a week or two to receive training and "have the time of their lives."

Some of the county cottages were built by popular subscription, some by business men of the county, others by public funds, some by organized communities—each one unique in its plan and in its contribution to the entire plan of the camp.

The Federated Women's Clubs of West Virginia have made a formal garden in a lovely spot across the drive from the old mill.

The physical equipment is adequate, efficient and beautiful, valued at half a million dollars. The surrounding hills and the winding river form an ideal setting for this camp and the beauty of it stays in the minds and hearts of those who came within its influence. Small wonder that Stonewall became the leader and strategist he was with so much strength and beauty all around him as he played under the giant chestnut trees, fishing and hunting and worked at the tasks his uncle assigned him!

But the fascination and the thrill of Jackson's Mill are not so much in its natural beauty and its sturdy log and stone houses, its imposing Mount Vernon dining hall, nor even in its stories and traditions of Stonewall Jackson.

The thousands of boys and girls from the rural homes of West Virginia who come as members and leaders of 4-H Clubs for a period of intensive training which is planned to develop them and contribute to well balanced four-fold living—these boys and girls are the heart and soul of Jackson's Mill as it is today.

Throughout the year 20,000 of these young people in small community 4-H Clubs carry on a program of education and personal development outlined by the U. S. Department of Agriculture and West Virginia University's Agricultural Extension Division. They learn methods of farming and home making. Study nature, learn skill of hand, study social and economic problems, play and work together and look forward to Jackson's Mill.

Almost one thousand, the cream of the 4-H members, are selected for "State Camp" (Jackson's Mill). Here they meet outstanding personalities of the state and nation, have classes planned to develope Head, Hand, Heart and Health — swim, learn lifesaving, compete as Indian tribes in athletic contests, in feats of skill and in tribal loyalty and leadership. They worship together at the

(Continued on page 41)

The Principles for Which West Virginia Contended

By AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE

WE are all proud of the fact that we are the descendants of those men in gray who for four long years, against great odds, fought for those principles which they knew to be right. Do not let anyone tell you that they fought to maintain the institution of slavery, that is not a fact. The odium of that institution rested just as generally upon the Colonies in 1776 as on the Southern States in 1861. It could not effect them, or at any other time, the fundamental question of self government.

The Cause of the South was the Cause of Local Self Government. A principle advanced in the Declaration of Independence and guaranteed to the State by the Constitution.

The thirteen Colonies originally had no bond of union whatever; they were wholly separate communities independent of each other, and dependent on the Crown of Great Britian. All the union ever established between them was made in writing. They made two written compacts. One was known as the Articles of Confederation, which declared that the union thereby formed was perpetual. This treaty between them carried the Colonies through the Revolution. After the war, trouble arose with respect to the regulation of commerce, about navigation, but above all concerning financial matters.

In 1784 a Congress of the Confederate was called for the reconstruction of the government. There were fifty-five delegates in attendance, every State except Rhode Island had sent commissioners. A new constitution was drafted—no mere amendment or series of amendments to the Articles of Confederation.

A large portion of the best men in the Revolution voted against it. It was carried in Virginia by but ten majority and among its opponents were Monroe and Patrick Henry. It was carried in some States by men betraying their constituents. Five votes would have tied it in Virginia. It passed in New York by but three majority. Out of nearly four hundred in the Convention of Massachusetts, it passed by but nineteen.

The Constitution of the United States was formed by separate distinct and Sovereign States. The Union existing between these States before the formation of the new Constitution was a compact or league between Sovereign States. In remodelling the Articles of the old Confederation, it was not the object or design of any of the parties, to change the nature or character of the Union, but only to make it more perfect, by an enlargement of the delegation of powers conferred upon the Government thereby established, with such changes in its organic structure touching the mode and manner of exercising them as might be thought best to obtain the object of their delegation.

Both by the instruments itself and by the understanding of all the parties at the time, this is what was done by the adoption of the Constitution and nothing more. In other words the Constitution, as the Articles of Confederation, was a compact between the sovereign members of the Union and nothing more.

When the States seceded from the Union they did it as Sovereign States. They repealed the ordinances by which they severally had ratified and agreed to the Constitution and became parties to the compact under it.

Alexander H. Stephens says, "Under the Constitution they had a perfect right to do this, subject to no authority, but the great moral law which governs the intercourse between Independent Sovereign Powers, Peoples or Nations. Their action was subject to the authority of that law and none other."

Jefferson Davis in his farewell address to the United States Senate says, "Secession is to be justified upon the basis that the States are Sovereign. There was a time when none denied it."

Secession had been preached and threatened in various sections, and the Northern stand for it and against extension of the Union was quite complete. In Congress and in State Conventions when Jefferson was annexing Louisiana, they declared they were not bound. The same when Texas was annexed. The same when the Mexican War was being fought. Massachusetts threatened time and again to secede—notably in the War of 1812.

In President Davis' Inaugural address he says: "Our present condition, achieved in a mannner unprecedented in the history of nations, illustrates the American idea that governments rest upon the consent of the governed and that it is the right of the people to alter or abolish governments whenever they become destructive of the ends for which they were established."

"The declared purpose of the compact of Union from which we have withdrawn, was to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity; and when, in the judgement of the Sovereign States now composing the Confederacy, it had been prevented from the purpose for which it was ordained and ceased to answer the ends for which it was established, a peaceful appeal to the

(Continued on page 42)

Old Rehoboth---The Log Meeting House

By ELINOR WOOLF

JUST a short distance from Union, Monroe County, West Virginia on the Old Sweet Springs road, a short lane leads to Old Rehoboth, the Log Meeting House. It is the oldest house of worship west of the Alleghany Mountains. Methodism in America is only eighteen years older than this primitive example of the pioneer's place of worship; in Virginia, only fourteen years older than this little log meeting house. Until 1784 Methodism was a society within the Church of England. The policy and simple system of worship of the Methodist Church fitted the pioneer conditions of this frontier wilderness land.

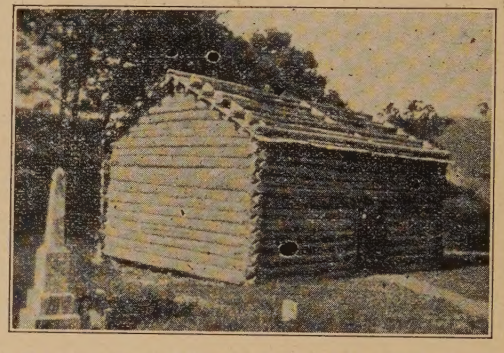
Early in 1784 Edward Keenan wrote Bishop Francis Asbury, first Bishop of the American Methodist Church, to send them a preacher. In response to this call William Phoebus came. Although an interested attendant at the meetings, Edward Keenan was not at this time a member of the society. The Keenan family was Roman Catholic and, to prove it to the itinerant preachers, who, when visiting in the home, always conducted "Prayers," the mother-in-law, the elderly Griselda Donally, and the wife, Elinor Donally Keenan, would continue their carding and spinning. Eventually the wife became a member of the little Protestant Church of which Edward was steward and class leader.

It is a family story that Edward Keenan, in the company of the itinerant pioneer William Phoebus and other Christian and interested men were riding home from religious service on a distant creek. The conversation was more or less general but spasmodic and finally lapsed into silence, followed by hymn singing. On the top of Old Peter's Mountain, the small group dismounted and knelt in prayer. As a climax Edward Keenan was converted to Methodism and was a faithful and loyal pillar of strength until the day of his death, in 1826.

In the early days before the Log Meeting House was built the home of Edward Keenan and others served as the assembly place for worship. At least one annual Conference was held in the Keenan home. At this time because of a drought there was no feed for the numerous horses of his guests, so without hesitation the devout host turned the horses into his rye field. During the deliberations of the conference it was cropped close to the ground. Never-the-less there was, at harvest time, a better crop of grain in this field than in those of the neighbors.

Edward Keenan was a sturdy, substantial citizen of his home county. As early as 1781 we find him a constable and administrator of estates. For at least twenty years longer his name appears often in the record books, showing him to be a man of force and executive ability. There are also many records of land conveyances to his father, Patrick, and to him. There are also, from records glimpses which afford an insight into his kindly nature and wide influence. Of him a neighbor said, "Brother Keenan never cared for anything but religion and neighbors."

Because the log cabin homes of the frontier were so small Edward, recognizing the need for a house of worship, set in motion a plan to build the church. In February of 1787 he gave and recorded a bond for "the just sum of fifty pounds of good and lawful money" of the State of Virginia, binding himself "executors, administrators, and assigns jointly and personally, and each of them" to a board of trustees appointed by preachers of the Methodist Church or "to make a deed of lawful title to a tract of land containing four acres, whereupon the Preaching House stands." When the actual deed was made it called for a tract of five acres. At present the whole five acres are not inclosed in the church yard which is still being used as a cemetery.



OLD REHOBOTH MONROE COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

The men of the community assembled and with their own hands cut and hewed the logs necessary to fashion a Church Home. The little old building, a most interesting example of the primitive churches of a sturdy pioneering people is not quite twenty-one by twenty-nine feet in dimension. It stands near the bottom of a circular depression in the limestone tablelands. It can scarcely be seen from a distance of more than a hundred yards in any direction, a location chosen because the danger of Indian raids was not entirely past, and thus the savages were prevented from coming within rifle range unseen. It is a commonly known tradition that men attending services were fined if they left at home guns with which the congregation might be protected in case of an attack.

The roof of the church is secured in place in the pioneer fashion with poles and wood pins; the

(Continued on page 41)

Harper's Ferry

By SAM M. HENDRICKS

ROBERT Harper, from whom the town received its name, was a native of Oxford, England. He was born about 1703, and at the age of 20, emigrated to Philadelphia, where he became engaged in the business of architecture and millwrighting. In 1747 he was employed by members of the Society of Friends to erect a church for that denomination on the Opequon River, near the present city of Winchester, Virginia. While on his way to carry out his contract, he lodged one night at a lonely inn on the site of the present city of Frederick, Maryland. Here he met a German named Hoffman, who recommended a short route by way of what was called "The Hole", promising the sight of wonderful scenery. Harper went that way, and, arriving the next night, formed the acquaintance of a man named Peter Stevens, who had squatted at the place, then included in the Fairfax estate. Harper was so pleased with it that he bought out Stevens for fifty (50) British guineas. He then visited Lord Fairfax, at Greenway, where he obtained a patent for these lands, much to the relief of the agent, as Stevens had given trouble over squatter's title. Here Harper settled, living in the only house in the place, on what is now Shenandoah Street. He established a ferry. In 1775 he built a house one-half mile up the Shenandoah, where he died in 1782. By a provision in his will, several acres of land were donated as a burial ground, in the center of which can be seen his moss grown grave, overlooking the town. He left no children; his property descended to Sarah, only child of his brother, Joseph, who married a man by the name of Wager. Neither Mr. Wager or wife ever saw the property, although many of their descendants are property holders and residents of the town.

ARMORY

During the administration of Washington in 1794, it was decided by Congress to establish at Harper's Ferry a National Armory. Washington, himself, selected the site, applying to the Virginia Legislature for permission to purchase the requisite amount of land not to exceed 640 acres. A tract of 125 acres was secured from the heirs of Harper, 310 acres more were purchased from Thomas Rutherford, where the adjoining town of Bolivar now stands. Sometime afterward, Congress leased in perpetuity 1395 acres on Loudoun Heights, adjoining Harpers Ferry. The Government immediately commenced the erection of shops, and in 1796 appointed Mr. Perkins first Superintendent. During John Adams' administration in 1799, the Government organized a considerable army of defence, anticipating war with France. A portion of the forces in command of General Pinckney were sent into camp at Harpers Ferry, on a ridge between Harpers and Bolivar, which gave the name, Camp Hill, which it still bears. In 1810 James Stubblefield was appointed Superintendent, who continued to occupy the position for 19 years.

About 1818 John H. Hill, of Maine, invented what was the first breech loading gun manufactured. He obtained a patent and the government adopted his gun, and sent him to Harpers Ferry to superintend its manufacture. Two buildings on the island were set apart for its manufacture. He continued in the U. S. service until 1840, when he removed to Missouri. In 1829 Col. Dun became Superintendent. The next was Gen. George Rust, who was succeeded by Col. Edward Lucas, in 1837, who was very popular, to be succeeded by Major John Symington, in 1844. In 1850 a scourage of Asiatic cholera visited the town and caused the death of over 100 people. In 1851 Colonel Benjamine Huges was appointed Superintendent. In 1852, by order of the Secretary of War, a considerable portion of the property was disposed of to the employees of the Armory, consisting of houses and lots, also generous donation of lots for town, religious and educational purposes. During this year, 1852, a serious flood occurred, causing much damage. Colonel Huges afterward became a General in the Confederate Army. He was succeeded by Major Bell, in 1854, who remained but a short time, and was the last military Superintendent. Early in 1855 the civil system was re-established by appointment of Henry W. Clowe, a skilled mechanic. In 1859 Alfred M. Barbour took charge. June 28th a tornado and heavy rain caused great damage, destroying a fine covered bridge across the Shenandoah. In 1862 Daniel J. Young was sent to take charge of the ordnance and remained until the property was disposed of November 30th and December 1st. for the sum of $206,000 to Captain F. C. Adams, of Washington, D. C. During Mr. Barbour's administration occurred the John Brown raid.

During the summer of 1859 a party of strangers made their appearance at Sandy Hook, a small village one mile east of Harpers Ferry, and spent their time in inspecting the stone and mineral deposits in that part of the Blue Ridge Mountains. They were cordially treated and encouraged and assisted. After a few weeks, they moved to the Kennedy farm about five miles north of Harpers Ferry, on the Maryland side. This locality is now known as Frog Hollow. The fact that valuable mineral existed and the party produced excellent specimens, and their moral and religious conduct was above reproach was a great help to them in concealing their real object. At 10 o'clock Sunday night, October the 16th, 1859, William Williams, one of the watchmen on the railroad bridge, was surprised to find himself a prisoner in the hands of about twenty armed men. No explanations were made, and the party left two guards at the bridge,

proceding to the Armory with their prisoner. Here they divided into two parties, one remaining at the Armory, the other going to the Rifle factory, half mile up the Shenandoah, where they captured Samuel Williams. Leaving a guard, they took him to the Armory and left him with their other prisoners. About 12 o'clock, Patrick Higgins of Sandy Hook appeared to relieve the bridge watchman, when he was captured, but as they neared the Virginia end of the bridge, Higgins struck his captor over the head, stunning him long enough to escape, not being hit by the shots fired at him. Shortly after this Heywood Shepherd, a railroad porter, went to investigate, and being ordered to halt, he took to his heels and was shot, dying at the railroad office about 3 o'clock that day. If the negro people knew of this affair, and intended to take part, the first victim being one of their race, put a damper on their activities. It is very certain that Brown had never made a confidant of any of the local negroes. He might have expected them to rally to his standard at the proper time. The negro race is not so keen to fall in behind a fife and drum corps playing Yankee Doodle; would rather follow a negro "brudder" dressed in a Prince Albert coat and large white tie at a camp meeting. Before morning many citizens were prisoners, and as the Armory employees appeared for work, were gathered up in detail. One of them, Thomas Boerly, was killed in offering resistance. At breakfast time, the Captain gave order to Fouke's Hotel for breakfast, releasing a prisoner who was the bartender, Walker Kemp, for the purpose, who shortly returned with the order filled. Up to this time no one knew who comprised the party, or what the object was. The prisoners afterward told of being informed of their object. Their leader was John Brown of Kansas notoriety. By 9 o'clock, the citizens and local companies had captured the Rifle factory, killing most of the raiders and capturing a negro named Copeland. By 12 o'clock forces had cut off Brown's retreat by blocking all outlets, confining him and party in the engine house, where he had transferred his prisoners, During this move, George Turner, of the county, and Fountain Beckham were killed. Brown's son-in-law, Thompson, had been taken prisoner and confined in Fouke's Hotel, but, as soon as the citizens heard of their mayor's death, they rushed the hotel and dragged Thompson out and killed him. The place now was securely surrounded and all waited for the arrival of Colonel Robert E. Lee, with a force of 94 marines, accompanied by Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart. Here is Stuart's version, in his own words, in a letter to his mother. "Col. Lee was sent to command the forces at Harpers Ferry. I volunteered as his aid—I had no command whatever. I, too, had a part to perform, which prevented me from taking part in the onset by Green and Russell, well backed by their men. I was deputed by Col. Lee to read to the leader, then called Smith, a demand to surrender immed'iately. I was instructed to leave the door on his refusal, which was expected, and wave my cap as a signal for the storming party to advance, batter the doors and capture the insurgents at the point of the bayonet. They used a skid, an arrangement composed of two heavy timbers securely cross-braced, resembling a ladder used by railroads in unloading heavy freight. Sledges were also used. I approached the door in the presence of perhaps 2000 spectators and told Smith I had a communication from Col. Lee. He opened the door about four inches, holding a cocked carbine in his hand. He presented his proposition in every possible shape, with admirable tact. But all amounted to this,—the escape of his party. I told him Col. Lee would not agree to that. I stepped back, waved my cap, and Col. Lee's plan was carried out. When Smith first came to the door, I recognized Old Osawatomie Brown, who had given us so much trouble in Kansas. I got his bowie knife and have it yet. The same day, about 12 o'clock, Col. Lee requested me to go to Brown's house and see what was there. I did so and discovered a magazine of pikes, blankets, clothing and utensils of every sort. I could only carry off the pikes as I had but one wagon. These I delivered to Col. Lee."—Little did Lieut. Stuart dream that in three years nearly to the day, September 15th, 1862, he would ride over this same ground as Major General under General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A. Getting in touch with McLaws on Maryland Heights, and Jackson at Harpers Ferry, as soon as Col. Lee saw Stuart's signal he ordered Lieut. Green to batter down the doors; after an opening was made, Green squeezed through and, followed by his men, soon captured all of Brown's party. The prisoners were not injured and were released. Brown was severely wounded by a cut on the head and a thrust through the shoulder at the hands of Green. He was removed to another building and his wounds dressed Those of Brown's party killed were buried half mile up the Shenandoah in a single grave. The rest were removed to Charles Town Jail. The names of the Harpers Ferry raiders were as follows: John Brown, Watson Brown, Owen Brown, Aaron R. Stephens, Edward Coppic, Barclay Coppic, Albert Hazlett, John E. Cook, Stuart Taylor, William Anderson, Jeremiah Anderson, Dolph Thompson, Dangerfield Newly, Shields Green, John Copeland, Lewis Leary. The last four were negroes. The following named were held by Brown in the engine house as hostages and were released by the marines when Brown was captured. Col. Lewis W. Washington, John Alstadt, John E. P. Dangerfield, A. M. Ball, Benjamine Mills, John Donahoo, B. and O. agent, Terrence O'Byrene, Isreal Russell, and Mr. Schoppe. On November 24th, 1859, martial law was proclaimed in Charles Town. Here I will correct a legendary fable of Brown's kissing a negro baby on his way to the scaffold. There was not one negro on the streets, or visible any where, one living witness to bear me out in my statement. I refer to Mr. John Allen Link. The fact that martial law was in effect to prevent any interference would hold curious persons at a safe distance. Brown was executed on the 28th of December, 1859. Cook and Edward Coppic (white), Green and Copeland (negro) were executed on December 16th, 1859, Hazlett and Stephens met the same fate March 16th, 1860. Ropes from many states were sent to hang Brown with, and the one from Kentucky was used. The fad for souveniors during the war flourished and northern soldiers carried away enough chips and pieces of rope to build and rig

a good sized vessel. Harpers Ferry had hardly quieted down when war clouds began to loom on the horizon and then for four years the roar of guns, the tramp of armed men, dressed sometime in blue, sometime grey, to the tune of Yankee Doodle or Dixie, played by fife and drum corps, under the waving folds of the Stars and Stripes, or the Stars and Bars.

JACKSON'S FIRST APPEARANCE AT HARPERS FERRY

On April 26th, 1861, Jackson was ordered to Harpers Ferry to take command. The garrison consisted of a number of independent companies of infantry, a few companies of cavalry and fifteen smooth bore cannon of small calibre. The new commander was a sorry looking substitute for the brilliant figures he superseded. Seven hours daily drill soon showed their effect on the recruits. Besides discipline and instruction, Jackson had the entire administration of his command on his hands. A single railroad connected Washington with the west, the Baltimore and Ohio. The natural course would have been to destroy the line at once, but instead, Jackson caused all eastbound to pass the bridge between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. One night, as soon as this schedule was working, he ordered the officer in command, at Point of Rocks, to stop all eastbound trains, and at Martinsburg, he ordered the reverse. Thus he caught all the trains and ran them to Winchester, then by horse power over the Valley pike to Strasburg, eighteen miles further south. This capture was Jackson's only exploit during his first visit to Harpers Ferry. On May 24th, Joseph E. Johnston assumed command, and Jackson was assigned to command the first Brigade. This Brigade afterward came to be the most famous in the Confederate Army, and, with their General, was known as the Stonewall Brigade, composed of:

The 2nd Virginia—Col. Allen.
The 4th Virginia—Col. Preston.
The 5th Virginia—Col. Harper.
The 27th Virginia— Lieut.-Col. Echols.
The 33rd Virginia—Col. Cummings.

A battery of artillery raised in Rockbridge County, Virginia, commanded by Rev. W. N. Pendleton, who later was Lee's Chief-of-artillery, was attached to the Brigade. Robt. E. Lee, Jr., and Adam Stephen Dandridge were privates in this battery. There is probably no other town that witnessed more of the different phases of the War. The railroad bridge was destroyed nine times, and as many times rebuilt, from June 1861 to the close of the war, under the able superintendence of Thomas N. Heskett, asst. road-master of the B. and O. Notwithstanding the haste and confusion, there was not a single accident to any of the many trains passing over it. Lee's invasion of Maryland was the occasion of bringing Harpers Ferry again to notice. Martinsburg was occupied by a Federal force under General White, and Harpers Ferry by a Federal force under command of Colonel Miles. It was necessary to clear both places of the enemy in order to give Lee's train a safe road through the Valley. Accordingly, Jackson was ordered to cross at Williamsport, capture Martinsburg and Harpers Ferry. Upon the approach of Jackson, White evacuated Martinsburg and retreated to Harpers Ferry. On the 13th of September, Jackson passed through Halltown, halting his command on School House Hill, one mile east. In the meantime, General McLaws occupied Maryland Heights, and General Walker, Loudoun Heights, thus securely blocking the Federals in Harpers Ferry. At 1 o'clock on the 14th, Walker signaled he was ready but Jackson's reply was to await until he heard from McLaws, who reported at 2:30 P. M. he was in position; Jackson then issued the following order: "Today Major-General McLaws will attack so as to sweep with his artillery the ground occupied by the enemy, take his batteries in reverse and operate as circumstance may justify. Brigadier-General Walker will take in reverse the battery on the turnpike and sweep with his artillery the ground occupied by the enemy and silence the batteries on the Island in the Shenandoah, should he find a battery there. Major-General A. P. Hill will move along the left bank of the Shenandoah and thus turn the enemy's left flank and enter Harpers Ferry. Brigadier-General Lawton will move along the turnpike for the purpose of supporting General Hill, and otherwise operating against the enemy to the left of General Hill. Brigadier-General Jones (Commanding the Stonewall Brigade) will, with one of his brigades and a battery of artillery, make a demonstration against the enemy's right; the remaining part of his division will constitute the reserves and move along the turnpike." . . . . It was not until the artillery had been long in action and the enemy's guns had in some degree checked, that the infantry was put in action. Lawton, in the centre, occupied a ridge over which ran the Charles-Town road, brought his guns in action and formed his regiments for battle in the woods. Jones' division held the Sheperdstown road on Lawton's left, and also seized Furnace Hill. No attempt was made during the Sunday evening (Sept. 14th) to storm Bolivar Heights. During the night, Jackson made preparations for an early assault. During the night, General D. McGregg, in command of 1200 cavalry, escaped up Pleasant Valley, or now known as Frog Hollow, and joined McClelland. During the residence of writer in Reading, Penna., I made the acquaintance of General Gregg, and he always seemed anxious to hear of Harpers Ferry. I jokingly said, "General, you seem to be interested in Harpers Ferry. Why did you so hurriedly leave Sunday night, September 14th, 1862? He laughingly replied that as much as he admired Jackson and would like to see him, he didn't want to go by way of Castle Thunder (A Confederate military prison) to accomplish the meeting. . . All night long the Confederates slept on their arms waiting for the dawn. When dawn broke a silver mist floated up over the rivers, but the Southern gunners knew the range of their targets, and as the sun rising over Loudoun Heights dispersed the vapors, the whole of Jackson's artillery became engaged. Two of A. P. Hill's brigades worked their way to the left rear of Bolivar Heights, and with ten guns that had crossed the Shenandoah at Keyes Ford, proved highly effective in enfilading the enemy. The Federal batteries kept up a heavy fire until their ammunition began to run short, when

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Simpson Creek Baptist Church

By CATHARINE PATTON CLARK

RECORDED on tattered and yellow pages in the age-worn books of the Simpson Creek Baptist Church of Bridgeport, are the struggles, the defeats, and the triumphs of those rugged pioneers who settled what is now Harrison County, West Virginia and established the first church in this state. This church is also, according to traditions and available records, the first one in the United States west of the Alleghanies.

"In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty," the quaint script of the first record book begins, "we are preserved by the power of God through many difficulties and dangers, being four years void of a preached word, sundered in bodies and deprived of meeting together in a great measure."

Tradition has it that the five constituent members erected the first meeting house in 1772. The church was founded under the direction of the Rev. James Sutton, a pioneer of Virginia and Kentucky, who went from Harrison County, Virginia, to Washington County, Pennsylvania, where he established the North Tenmile Church in 1774.

The first building for worship was built of round logs with a gallery running all the way around the back. The seats were split logs with pegs inserted for legs. Lighting was achieved by candles and the hour of meeting often designated as "early candle-light." In the minutes of one meeting of the 1780's it is stated: "The church has agreed to divide the work of chinking and daubing the meeting house."

The second building, erected in 1848, was of brick, with a similar gallery and a box-like pulpit, reached by several steps. A ninety-four year old resident of Bridgeport, J. N. Wilkinson, remembers attending the first service in it with his father, who was sexton. They hung their caps, he says, on pegs along the side of the wall.

The third church also was of brick. It was built in 1876. The next was a frame structure and the present edifice has returned to early American architecture, styled in red brick with four white pilasters at the front. Inside, a balustraded choir loft is above the old oak pulpit. Dull finished benches and plain black light fixtures designed as candles, complete the simplicity. Before the pulpit sets a quaint marble-topped table, a New Year's gift in 1876 from Governor Joseph Johnson, the only governor of Virginia who came from the west side of the mountains. One senses an intermingling of the old and the new. All is suggestive of the firm faith and plain living of early pioneers carried on by capable descendents.

The first three churches stood on a "lot of land for the purpose of divine worship and burial ground," contributed by Andrew Davisson and his son David, who completed the transaction in 1801, as soon as the patent was obtained for the grant of land staked off long before. The present church stands nearer the center of town, and the original site is included in the cemetery.

Founded before the Revolutionary War, the history of the church parallels the history of the nation. From Indian massacres it progresses through westward migrations, the establishment of stable government, the terrorization of witchcraft, and the strife of civil warfare, to continue building its history as it meets and surmounts the difficulties of modern skepticism.

The Rev. James Corbley, pastor in 1780 and 1781, witnessed the following spring, the massacre by Indians of his entire family as they were on the way to church at Muddy Creek, Pennsylvania.

Despite the attacks of savages and the hardships of border life the church met regularly and members were prosecuted for repeated absences. It was early decided that "persons having seats vacant over once shall give reasonable satisfaction." A committee was sent to "knoweth the cause of them absenting themselves from our meeting so long."

Before community government was properly organized the church performed the functions of state as well as of moral guide. We find: "May ye 21, 1791, resolved ye that time and pains shall be taken to settle controversies as far as may appear reasonable." Accordingly, in 1782, when a prospective member was charged with "breach of bargain in moving from (New) Jersey," one of the brethern "journeyed to Jersey to investigate the matter."

One typical accusation was that "Brother Black drank overmuch, did vain singing and threw the mug over his head liquor and all." Brother Black was suspended six months.

Lying was not tolerated by these strict worshipers. In more than one instance a member was excluded for "misrepresenting the truth, a breach of the laws of God and the rules of the church."

In 1796 a member was suspended for alleged fraudulent dealing, and sometime later a case of petty thieving was brought into the church for settlement.

Numerous occasions arose similar to this one: Brother Davis was appointed to "cite Sister B—— to attend the next meeting, also Brother Smith to give Sister M—— word to attend at the same time to settle a difference between the two sisters." There was evidently nothing private about a neighborly quarrel in those days.

At another time Brother L—— acknowledged to the church that he had unhappy differences with Brother J. M—— and that in the dispute he was overcome with anger, for which he was very sorry and would like to make amends. A committee of

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Revolutionary Officers of West Virginia

By SUSAN GREGG GIBSON

GENERAL WILLIAM DARKE

WILLIAM Darke was born in Bucks County, Pa. in 1735 of English parents, his father Joseph Darke moved his family to the neighborhood of Shepherstown, then Berkeley County, Virginia, now Jefferson County, West Virginia in 1741. His house a log cabin, is now incorporated in the home of Mr. Adam Link.

Darke was of herculean proportions, a strong man both mentally and physically and while not a man of great education, he was well informed on general subjects. He worked hard on his father's plantation, with his brothers, and later, upon acquiring his own land, he was considered a fine farmer. In his will he bequeaths a great deal of land located in this section, besides his Military lands in the West. Military land was land granted by the U. S. Government to the soldiers after the Revolutionary War for their services in the War.

As to Darke's Military record, Robert Worthington in 1780 made an affidavit that "William Darke," now a prisoner in New York, was a Corporal in my Company of Rangers, 1758-59, until said Company was disbanded. This seems to have been Darke's first enlistment. Heitman's list of Officers in the Rev. War says—"William Darke. Captain of 8th Virginia February 9, 1776; Major January 4, 1777. Wounded and prisoner at Germantown October 1777. Exchanged Nov. 1780; Lieutenant-Colonel of 4th Virginia February 1781. Retired January 1783; Lieutenant-Colonel of Kentucky Militia 1791 at St. Clair's defeat. Died November 10th 1801.

William Darke was with the Provincials at Braddock's defeat, he was at that time nineteen years of age. After that he farmed in Berkeley County until the War was declared, when he joined the Army with a Captain's Commission. When taken prisoner at Germantown in 1780, and exchanged, he walked home as did several others. Nathaniel Pendleton and Henry Bedinger were luckier, being able to secure a horse to ride, which they took turns in walking and riding, both were starved and ill upon arriving home in Virginia.

In the Spring of 1781, Darke recruited a Company, with men mostly from Berkeley and Hampshire Counties, with the rank of Colonel. He did feats of valor and was cited for bravery.

Darke's son Captain Joseph Darke was killed, he saw his son wounded and then die. It is said from this time on he hated the Indians with an intense hatred. It was at the time of St. Clair's defeat, that Darke saved the remnant of the army from massacre, after a fierce battle. For his daring and great skill in saving the troops, he was promoted to Brigadier-General and given a large tract of land in Ohio.

I read in one of Bedinger's letters "he was a grave man, very dignified in manner, but with a kindly heart. General Darke became interested in County affairs of Berkeley and in 1788 he represented Berkeley in Virginia Convention, and he was repeatedly elected to the Virginia Legislature.

General Darke had much to do with the division of Jefferson County from Berkeley also with the formation of Morgan County in 1801. He was appointed to sit as Judge in the first Court held in Jefferson County, but died just ten days afterwards, on the 26th day of November 1801, he was buried by the side of his wife in the old Ronemus graveyard near Duffields, Virginia (now West Va.).

General Darke married Sarah Delayea, a widow, they had three sons and one daughter, the eldest was Captain Joseph and the others were Samuel and John.

In a letter to George Bedinger, he tells of the death of his third and last son, but gives no name, however, one of his sons was married for in his Will, he speaks of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Darke, He also left a legacy to the three daughters of his brother Joseph, namely Elizabeth Hendricks, Nancy Welsh and Mary Kain.

General Darke's daughter Mary, married first, Thomas Rutherford, second, Jacob Manning, she had a daughter Sarah de'Montargis Rutherford who married Dr. John Briscoe whose home was called "Piedmont" near Charles Town. On the drawing-room wall of this fine old mansion built in 1780, hangs a portrait of General William Darke.

Mary, a sister of the latter, married Philip Engle, a soldier of the Revolution. Before coming to Virginia, while in Pennsylvania, an aunt of General Darke married into that brave and distinguished Lucas family, who came and settled at Shepherdstown in 1734.

General Darke bequeathed 100 acres of land to Captain Delayea, a son of his wife by a former marriage. While many of the General's descendants live in Jefferson County, there are none by the name of Darke.

The Will of General Darke can be seen in the Court House at Charles Town, Jefferson County, West Va. It was probated December 8, 1801.

GENERAL CHARLES LEE

The family of Lee is an ancient and honorable one, many of them have married into the principal families of England. From a pedigree done for Mr. Thomas Lee, Collector of stamp duties for Chester County, North Wales, 1723, we learn that General Charles Lee's father was John Lee of Bernhall, Chester Co., and was at one time a Captain in the Dragoons. Afterwards he was Lieutenant-Colonel of General Barrels Regiment of Foot from 1717 to 1724.

He married Isabella, daughter of Sir Henry Sun-

bury of Stanley, Chester Co., they had three sons Thomas, Harry and Charles, the latter was born at Bernhall 1731. From early days Charles was ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, was an official at the age of eleven, being Captain of a Company of Grenadiers, and may have been said to have been almost born in the army.

Young Charles Lee studied science, was proficient in both Greek and Latin. Having spent so much of his time on the Continent, he spoke fluently French, Spanish, Italian, German and Polish as well as his own tongue. He was a man of great wealth when he came to America, we learn this from his memoirs. He must have been as good a business man as he was a soldier, for he purchased lands and had money in the banks of various British possessions. He lost all this when he cast his lot in with the American's cause. We learn that his friends saved some property for him in the Barbadoes and Jamaica which he bequeathed to his sister Sidney Lee in England at his death.

General Charles Lee never married, but some of his letters show that he was an admirer of the fair sex and that he had some love affairs. One of these affairs before he came to America appears to have been serious, apparently the lady was not true to him. This experience may have been the cause of his caustic tongue in later years.

Charles Lee came to America in 1756 with his British Regiment, took part in the battle of Ticonderoga, where he was wounded. In 1762 he was with General Burgoyne in Portugal. He was now a Colonel. Here he distinguished himself, but lost favor at home, upon his return because of his sympathies with the American Colonies. Dispairing of any promotion in the British army, he enlisted in that of Poland. In 1773, he came to America and espoused the cause of the Colonies, he used all his talents and influence to instigate them to armed resistence. He resigned from the English army after the battle of Lexington, and accepted the position of Major-General in the American army, and accompanied General Washington to Cambridge. He soon reached the highest point of military glory.

There came a time, when the War was not going so well, when some of the patriots thought Lee might be a better Commander-in-Chief than Washington. Lee was ambitious and things looked dark, all were aware of his military experience. He knew himself to be a born military commander. I do not think he was a traitor, but just as it is today, jealousy was in existence. Each General had adherents who kept jealous fires burning, so Lee was naturally jealous of Washington.

After the battle of Monmouth, General Lee did not control himself. When reproached by General Washington for disobedience of orders, he used disrespectful language, was court-martialed and suspended for one year. Poor Lee! If he had only controlled his temper, he would not have died lonely, nor been called a traitor, but his great love for America and the cause for right, would have been out-standing.

In a temper Charles Lee spoke words which sounded like treachery, but I believe the time is coming, when no one will accuse him of that, for today, it has been proven that England considered him one of her best Generals, and that she used every means possible to get him back into her Army, and that England spread some of the propaganda during the Revolutionary War, and afterwards, which may have been the cause of some of the bitterness against Lee.

There was quite a bitter article in the Penn. Magazine of January 1921. This article mentions a paper found among the effects of General Howe as late as 1858. This paper was marked "Mr. Lee's Plans," and it purported to be a plan as to how General Howe could advance and seize the entire American Army. If so, why did not General Howe use these plans? Why did not Lee don a British uniform and join Howe's army? I think the answer to these questions, is what I read in a recent New York newspaper. "General Lee never heard of these plans, and they were meant to be used as propaganda to discredit an American General, or else the letter was a complete fraud, like a number of letters, said to have been written by General Washington, which have been proven fakes. It is no wonder, that General Lee became a morbid, morose disappointed man: he gave his all to America and she failed him.

General Lee had many friends in Berkeley county. He had a fine library and was a most voluminous writer. He wrote his "Memoirs" and many letters. His Memoirs were published in 1787 by his friend Mr. Edward Langworth of Baltimore, Md. Even he, included the tale of there being "no glass panes in the windows of General Lee's house and only one large room, which was divided by chalk marks."

Lee was a rich man, when he built his home, he owned slaves, had a valet and a housekeeper, and gave elaborate dinners, so we can discount this tale. Dr. W. W. Westernhaver of Martinsburg, Berkeley Co. proved that General Washington was not in Berkeley Co., after 1774 until 1784 so farewell, to that tale of "No bacon, no greens served here today," said to have been written on Lee's door when General Washington called on him. This tale is said to have been told by General Gates when dining with Lee and Stephenson.

After the meal was over General Lee said: "Gentlemen, Berkeley County is to be congratulated, she can claim three noted Generals who have been ignominiously cashiered. You, Stephens, for being drunk when you should have been sober, You, Gates for advancing when you should have been retreating, and your humble servant for retreating when I should have been advancing".

Light Horse Harry Lee stood by him through all his troubles also Mynne Thurston, Mr. George Steptoe and others, men of standing. Light Horse Harry Lee wondered how men of honor could render a verdict of "court martial."

The last of Sept. 1782 General Lee went to visit Mr. Langworth in Baltimore, for a few days, then went on to Philadelphia, where he took lodgings at the "Sign of the Conestoga Wagon," here he sickened and died a few days later, on Oct. 2nd 1782. With him at the last was Col. Eleaser Oswald, who had served under him, in more glorious times and was a sincere friend. He attended him, through a delirium and heard his last words which were "Stand by me, my brave Grenadiers."

I quote from the Penn. Magazine Oct. 9, 1782 given in the Penn. Hist. Magazine dated January 1921, "On Wednesday last, departed from this Life, after a short illness. . . . Mr. Charles Lee Esquire, Major-General in the Polish army, and formerly a Major-General in the service of the United States, His remains were conducted on Friday morning, with military honors, from the City Tavern, attended by a large concourse of gentlemen of distinction, and deposited in the Christ Churchyard. We read that the Ambassador of France attended the funeral, several foreigners of note, and Congressmen"

I copy this also from the January 1921 issue of the Penn. Magazine "Mr. J. Jackson in his History of Market Street, Philadephia, tells us, that the "Sign of the Conestoga Wagon" where General Lee died, was on the site of the present 410 Market Street and that the City Tavern was on the site of the present United States Bonded Stores on 2nd Street, westside, north of Walnut Street. It was the principle public house in the city and he thinks the funeral of Gen. Lee was conducted from there as more befitting than from the humble place where he died."

The grave of General Lee is now in Christ Church between the first and second windows, east of the southwest door. A pavement was laid and the remains of Lee and others were removed into the Church. The Methodist Bishop Asbury, riding thru Virginia, after the Revolution, reported that he found but few Episcopal Churches in use, and those neglected, had few communicants and no organization. Bishop William Meade later rode over Virginia, seeking to find organized Episcopal organizations. John Esten Cooke refers to the desecration of the Episcopal Church in his History of Virginia and the fanatical opposition and vandalism by the opposition factions to the English Church, he also refers to the removal of the silver communion service and they, being used by barrooms and the baptismal fonts being used for horse watering troughs.

General Lee was a loyal member of the English (Episcopal) Church and he showed his resentment of the actions of the opposing factions, when he inserted in his Will the clause as to his burial near a Church. He had no objections to being buried in an Episcopal Churchyard. This Will of Gen. Charles Lee may be found in the Court House at Martinsburg, Berkeley Co. (now West Va.).

GENERAL HORATIO GATES

Horatio Gates, was born in England in 1729. He was the son of Captain Robert Gates of the British army. It is said his mother was the housekeeper of Lord Oxford. Horace was his warm friend also a friend of his father. Horatio Gates married in England Mary Phillips a daughter of an officer in the British Army. Danske states the above information was secured from British records, and she also says that much of Gates history may be gathered from Bedinger's letters and diaries.

Gen. Gates used his own Coat of Arms and both Headley and Peterson (Historians of the Revolution) speak of him as of aristocratic lineage. I have seen the Gates Coat of Arms on old letters, but the seals were too old and worn to discern clearly. His Crest cut in a window pane at "Traveler's Rest," long ago, may be seen today. The present owner has taken out the pane and framed it for safety.

Gen. Gates entered the English Army when very young, he was stationed at Halifax, Canada, when only twenty years of age in command of the "King's Independent Company." He was under Gen. Braddock with the title of Major. Later, in 1763, Gates sold his Commission and bought land about six miles from Shepherdstown, Berkeley Co. Virginia, where he built a substantial stone house, which he called "Traveler's Rest" and where he dispensed most generous hospitality.

Horatio Gates was a handsome dark man, of medium height, and distinguished appearance. He was a perfect gentleman, was very graceful and fought a battle as if he were dancing a cotillion.

Mrs. Gates was beautiful and charming, very musical, possessing a fine voice, says Henry Bedinger. Gen. Gates was noted in this region for his courtly manners, fine dinners and kind heart. The Gates meals were served in the English style and in the evenings both the General and his wife donned evening clothes.

He was a brave soldier and at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, had more standing than Washington. The jealousy of Gen. Schuyler, after the battle of Saratoga did him harm as Gen. Gates had been put in command over Gen. Schuyler. Friends of the latter claimed the victory was due to the precocious efforts of Schuyler. Feeling ran high and there was so much wrangling, that Gates command was given to Gen. Green, a fine soldier, but in no way could he compare to the brave and experienced Gates, and the latter was retired.

At this time, many complained that Gates as President of the War Board was taking this opportunity to throw obstacles in the path of Washington, in fact some historians are very bitter as to Gates career. Headley and Fiske write almost as if it were a personal affair of their own, some are vindictive and bitter as an old gossip. but today, we attach no blame to Gates, we are not so prejudiced as of old, we understand political jealousies. Congress had a medal struck for Gen. Gates, after the defeat of Burgoyne. It is called "The Burgoyne medal and has upon it the chiseled profile and graceful flowing hair of Gates.

About the time of Gen. Gates retirement, his only child, a son, died. His heart was broken, but he took great consolation from a letter he received from Gen. Washington, and in which he offered Gates the command of his left wing of his army, as soon as Gates could find it convenient to join him. The Virginia Assembly gave Gates a vote of confidence, also assuring him of Virginia's high regard. Light-horse Harry Lee in his memoirs says "Those fathers of the Commonwealth appointed a Committee to wait upon the vanquished General and assure him of their esteem," that the memory of his former glorious achievements had never been obliterated by any reverse of fortune, but were ever mindful of his merit. They would omit no opportunity of testifying to

the world, the gratitude which Virginia owed him in his Military career." After a short time on his plantation, Gates was re-instated in the army and sent to North Carolina. It is said that General Charles Lee advised him, not to go South. There disaster overtook him at the battle of Camden. His raw troops advancing, became unmanageable, upon encountering the superior force of Cornwallis. It was an ignominious defeat, which Gates could not help.

Harry Lee attributed Gates defeat to his indifference to Cavalry service, the use of which he had not acquired at the battle of Saratoga. General E. Lee editing the memoirs of his father says of Gates retreat from Camden Hill to Hillsborough "It does Gates honor as it evinced a mind, capable amidst confusion and disaster, of discerning the point most promising to renew the expedition with strength." Again was Gates command taken from him and he retired. Congress acquitted him of all blame and once more re-instated him in the Army but the war being over and his services no longer required, he settled down to the life of a country gentleman.

In 1790, General Gates sold "Travelers Rest" to John Mark who lived nearby and at times acted as Gates secretary. The General then went to New York State and built a beautiful home, called "Rose Hill" on the Hudson river, where he died 1806.

When General Gates arrived in New York, he was immediately given the freedom of the city and he was elected to the State Legislature very soon thereafter, but he declined any public office. He was always treated as a person of consequence while residing at "Rose Hill" where he entertained many prominent men, with the same generous hospitality which he dispensed in Virginia.

John Mark removing to Fredericksburg Va., sold "Travelers Rest" to a Mr. Bowlby who in turn sold it to Isaac Strider and it is now (1927) in the hands of the Strider heirs.

COLONEL HUGH STEPHENSON

Hugh Stephenson has always been spoken of as a brave young man, yet when he marched to Boston, with his Company of Riflemen, he had served throughout the French and Indian War, and he left a wife and six children and a very large estate in Berkeley County, Va. A seventh child, Richard, was born after his death, so it is apparent he was nearly forty years of age when he set out for Boston.

Hugh Stephenson was the son of Richard Stephenson and his wife, who was the widow of William Crawford of Westmoreland County Virginia. William Crawford died 1725 and shortly afterwards his widow married Hugh Stephenson. In 1735-37 a Richard Stephenson owned land on Bullskin river, a branch of the "Shirendo" (Shenandoah) according to an old deed in Orange County. Mrs. Crawford had three or four children when she married Stephenson, they lived with her until of age, when they started out for themselves and had land along the Bullskin.

The great Indian fighter William Crawford was the eldest of the children. Mrs. Dandridge in her "Historic Shepherdstown" say George Washington boarded with the Stephenson's while surveying along the Bullskin and vicinity. Hugh seems to have rented some land from Washington, judging from a letter he wrote to him, now to be seen in the manuscript room of the Library of Congress. George Washington thought so highly of Stephenson, that he recommended him for the command of one of the two Companies of Riflemen to be raised in the Valley of Virginia in 1775. Daniel Morgan was the other.

Richard Stephenson and wife (Mrs. Crawford) had five sons John, James, Hugh, Magnus and Richard and two daughters Ann called Nancy and Elizabeth called Betsy. After raising a Company, Stephenson had his place of rendezvous at "Bedinger Springs," later called "Stinson's Springs." In the early days Stinson was the name for Stephenson.

On the morning of July 17, 1775, our gallant heroes, after prayers and formation, started for Boston, 600 miles away in a bee line from Shepherdstown, to aid General Washington in his siege there. The Company arrived at Cambridge in the early morning of August 11, 1775, after a three week's tramp (twenty-four days exactly) was received by General Washington and General Gates, who were quartered in a church and were given breakfast and a rest.

Upon the third day after reaching Boston, Stephenson's son had a severe attack of fever. Henry Bedinger says "Nothing happened until the 16th of August, when the enemy fired on us very fast." In March 1776 the Company was ordered to Dorchester Point and camped there with others. There were about three thousand men in all and we are told they were fairly comfortable and had plenty of ammunition, the expected fighting did not occur, but there were many skirmishes and three of the Company were killed. These men were buried at Roxbury.

On the 14th of March, Captain Stephenson, was ordered back to Cambridge and on the 15th, the entire Battalion was ordered to New York. Stephenson's Company was stationed on Staten Island.

On the 11th of April, quite a fight took place, the men from Berkeley County, were guarding a water supply, which the British tried to capture with a twelve gun ship, a sloop and a barge. The Virginians drove them off and thus saved the water supply. At the Congressional Library, can be seen the letter from Stephenson to General Washington describing this fight and praising his men for their daring.

In April 1776, Captain Stephenson was sent back to Virginia by General Washington. It is said he returned to camp on the 26th day of May from Virginia. In July 1776, the term of service expired, and some of the soldiers returned to their homes, but most of them remained in the army and were promoted. Hugh Stephenson became a Lieutenant-Colonel. He was sent back to Virginia in August to raise troops but was taken with fever and in four days, died in his home at Bullskin.

He made his Will before going to Boston and added a codicil in Roxbury. It was probated Sept. 1776. It is supposed he died the latter part of August. He had property in Shepherdstown, he

had a partnership in a ferry with David Shepherd. He owned tracts of land in Ohio and in other parts of the great County of Augusta.

General Washington thought so highly of Stephenson, that on March 1775, he wrote a letter to the President of the Continental Congress as follows "I shall also take the liberty of recommending Captain Hugh Stephenson of the Virginia Riflemen, to succeed Colonel Hand to be appointed in his place Lieutenant-Colonel. He is, in my estimation, the fittest person in the army for it, as well as the oldest Captain in the service, having distinguished himself at the head of Rifle Company, all the last war, and he highly merits the approbation of his superior officers."

Hugh Stephenson's Will may be seen at Martinsburg, Berkeley Co. Va. In 1838 the heirs of Stephenson were allowed Bounty Warrants as Lieut-Colonel in the Continental line for two years, three months and three days service in addition to what has been heretofore received, signed David Campbell, Governor.

ABSTRACT OF HUGH STEPHENSON'S WILL

"Berkeley County Va:—To my wife Ann, all the plantation upon which I now live, containing about 200 acres during her natural life, also one negro woman named Nell, also all the residue of my estate both real and personal, on this side of the Alleghanies, excepting the slave hereafter mentioned, for and during her natural life, that she shall apply the profits to her support and to the support and education of the following children, sons and daughters, of the said Ann namely:— James, Magnus, Hugh, Nancy, Betsy until they shall arrive at a lawful age." To each of his children he bequeaths a negro, after the death of his wife, his plantation is to be sold and the proceeds to be divided among his children, that 800 acres lying in what is now called Augusta County, situated on Jacob's creek. One of the branches of the Youghegeny river, the plat of which was returned to the Land office of Penn.; another improved tract of land which I purchased from Richard Mc Macken containing about 2200 acres, situated on the branches of Cross Creek one of the branches of the Ohio river, in the said County of Augusta, one hundred acres of which, being surveyed of a Warrant I obtained from the Governor of Virginia, under his Majesty's proclamation issued October 1763, on the middle fork of Shorter's Creek, one of the branches of the Ohio river, which is shorter tract I obtained by Warrant as a foresaid, all of which tracts, I give and bequeath unto my six children. He appointed Capt. William Crawford, Valentine Crawford, John Stephenson and Thomas Rutherford his Executors. Witnesses—Magnus Tate, Samuel Oldham, Alex. White and William Brooks.

He made a codicil to the above will, as to the distribution of some of his slaves. "I, Hugh Stephenson of Virginia, now in the Continental Army, in New England, do make this codicil etc." He signed the codicil at Roxbury Mass. March 3, 1776 in the presence of Nathaniel Pendleton and Samuel Finley.

Owen County, Kentucky October 1837. Orders it is certified that upon the oath of John S. Massey, the other evidence, Hugh Stephenson, Magnus, John and Ann Stephenson, that he was a Colonel in the army of the Revolution, that after his death, a son Richard was born—that said Richard died intestate and without having married, and that it was proven by the said Massey and Turner Moore, that Nancy Stephenson married John Massey, that the same John and Nancy are both dead and they left the following issue and only heirs at law:—Elizabeth Massey (married George Stamp). Rebecca, John S., William, Lucretia Massey (married Elijah Pixley). That it was further proven that John Stephenson died 1832 and that he left the following issue and heirs at law:—Edward, Jane, Eliza Stephenson (married John Stephenson), Elizabeth (married Turner Moore), Nancy (married Thomas Calvert), Julia (married Clifton Caton), John D., Richard S., Sarah Stephenson (married Asher Xoz) and it is further proven that the said Hugh, Magnus and Ann Stephenson (married Massey) all removed to the State of Missouri and that all the three children have died and lift issue.

GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN

Daniel Morgan of Frederick County, Virginia was born in New Jersey 1776. Both Peterson's Military Heroes of the Revolution and Heitman's Officers of the Revolution prove this. He was of Welch extraction. At the age of seventeen Daniel Morgan came to Virginia alone, so it appears, as there is no mention of his parents. He located in Frederick County, about fifteen miles from the home of Morgan Morgan in Berkeley County. (See Hardesty's History for Sketch of Daniel Morgan, 1783.)

Daniel Morgan was a tall man of muscular build, a champion at fencing and always ready for a fight and the fight was usually in defense of one in need. Julian Hawthorne in his history of the United States states "They were led by a superb giant of nearly seven feet tall". We read he had blue eyes and fair hair, had a charming smile. He was at one time a teamster and is spoken of as a "wagoner" as he had charge of the teams in Braddock's army. I think his real title may have been that of "Superintendent of all Wagon Masters, such as was that of General Jacob Morgan of Pennsylvania in 1780. It is said that Daniel Morgan and Washington became life long friends while in Braddock's army.

Paterson says "The Daniel Morgan was called, "The Thunderbolt of War," and although, his education and intellect were not great, he had prudence and great personal courage. As a wagoner in Braddock's army he received 400 lashes, for having struck an officer, this he endured without flinching, but fainted and forgave the man who had injured him, who confessed he was to blame. In consequence of these lashes, he was not able to be present at the battle of Monongahela, much to his distress."

Daniel Morgan was the Captain of one of the three Companies of Riflemen, called for in Virginia and Maryland, at the very beginning of the Revolution. Hugh Stephenson commanded the

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A Southern Girl's Shopping Trip

By NELLIE HENDRICKS MOLER

SHE rode slowly along that morning, allowing her pony's head to droop, even while she herself sat rigidly upright on her side saddle. She was not exactly conscious of the nervous tension which held her, but she was thinking hard, planning, hoping, yes praying—that she would get safely through that line of Yankee pickets, stationed at the bridge across the Potomac river.

The second year of this dreadful war had passed and yet no end in sight. Would all her loved ones return. Would those Yankees shoot across the Potomac today, from the top of the Maryland mountains as they had done yesterday, shooting at her father, keeping him behind a tree in their yard, from afternoon until dark? Too bad their home was right along the river bank, it had been terror for her and her mother and sister, watching from a window. Would that raiding party come again and she not be there to help? Would her brother slip in again while she was away, and if he did, would he have a letter from———but just here, she reached the brow of the Shepherdstown hill and sighted the bridge. Sure enough, stationed at each end and pacing across the bridge she discerned seven bluecoated pickets. Would she get by and what would their questions be or demands? it was never the same circumstances nor the same questions, and only a quick wit and a ready tongue could save her.

She rode slowly forward, masking her inward trepidation as best she could, and reined in her horse when the bluecoats advanced and raised his hand.

"Good morning," she said quietly and a bit wistfully.

"Where are you going and what is your mission?" the soldier asked curtly. She answered "I am on my way to Boonsborough to visit my sick sister-in-law and take her a little medicine." "Let me see what is in that pouch" he asked, reaching for a knitting bag, which she had hanging upon the saddle. She had expected this, so in her bag had placed a small package of mustard, a vial of turpentine, some dried herbs and a half knitted sock with ball and needles, an apple and a small purse with a few pennies and a Confederate dollar bill. He examined all the articles carefully and looked in the purse and said, "Is this all the money you have?" She had also anticipated this very question, and reached in her basque and pulled out seven dollar bills, Confederate money, and two silver U. S. quarters, and handed it all to him without a word, keeping a downcast look, giving the impression that she was about to cry.

She noticed approaching a lieutenant with black hair and brown eyes and smile upon his lips. All this she saw in one fleeting glance. She took heart and cast an appealing look at him. After a question or two to her, he said to the private "Give that money back to the lady," which he did at once.

"How long will you be in Boonsborough?" the officer enquired. "I do not know", she said, "It depends upon how ill my sister-in-law is, if she is very ill. I may have to stay quite awhile, as she has no one to do anything for her, but if she can do without me, I am coming back today or tomorrow".

He pulled a notebook from his pocket and wrote a message upon it, tore out the leaf, folded and handed it to her saying "If you return today, this will bring you safely through the lines, but if you remain longer and I am moved from here, well, then I cannot say." With a grateful smile and an, "Oh, thank you sir," she started on. At the other end of the bridge, she was again halted. She showed the note and was allowed to pass unmolested.

This happened to her several times and each time that magic note did the work. She finally reached Boonsborough and was joyously received at her brother's door, by the supposedly sick sister-in-law with "Oh, Ellie, I am so glad to see you, but how in the world did you ever get past those Yankee lines?" She related her experience, showing the lieutenant's note and telling her sister-in-law whose name happened to be Caroline, how ill, she had reported her to be, and how successfully it had worked. "Oh, yes, here are all your medicines which I have brought you." Amid peals of laughter, she emptied her knitting bag. I have already thought, what I want to take home with me. I want a half loaf of bread, a glass of jelly, some dried apples or dried corn and—I hope they will answer my purpose.

Then she related her true errand. Her brother John, a major in the Confederate Army, whose command was stationed above Winchester had come through the lines the night before, and brought letters and news from absent brothers and neighborhood young men, for her and her sister to get to their respective families. Also he requested her to make several important purchases, from her nearest shopping point and so—"Callie here I am, for I can get all those things, right here in this town."

But, "Ellie, what about money, if this is all you have, and Confederate at that. You can't get anything for that." She replied, "Haven't you been in our family long enough to know our hiding place?" Slipping out of her riding skirt and hoops, she unfastened from a belt around her waist, a wide, unbleached muslin band, that seemed to be decorated with hand-stitching, in round medallions of varying sizes. Into each of these medallions, was carefully stitched a five or ten or twenty dollar gold piece.

This brave Southern girl, in her worn riding skirt and tattered half-handed gloves, proclaiming poverty in every act and look, had carried safely

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Governor Joseph Johnson

By CATHERINE JOHNSON PATTON CLARK

WITH deep voice and reverent intonations Joseph Johnson concluded his hymn each morning before going forth to face the tasks of the day. We are told that his greatness was founded on his goodness. From a private life beyond reproach eminated his exemplary public life.

The only man from the west side of the Allegheny Mountains ever chosen to fill the gubernatorial chair of Virginia, and the first to fill it by popular election.

Born in Orange County, New York, December 19, 1785, the second son of Joseph and Abagail Wright Johnson, Joseph was five years old when his father, a Revolutionary War veteran, died. The following year the mother, who had been disinherited by an aristocratic father upon her marriage to a tradesman, moved to New Jersey taking her five children along.

In 1800 she started with a married daughter, the son-in-law and two sons, Joseph and William to Tennessee. The other children remained in the East. At Winchester, Virginia, they met with a Mr. Bland and his family. Here they remained until the spring of 1801, when they changed their course and started for Ohio. When they arrived at the Green Glades, near Oakland, Maryland, they camped where the road divided and debated their course. Finally they set up a stake in the road and decided to go which ever way it fell. The stake fell in the direction of western Virginia, so they followed the mountain trail to Harrison County, settling near the small town of Bridgeport.

Joseph, then fifteen years old, formed a most auspicious business contract. He began to work for Ephriam Smith, a gentleman farmer of the neighborhood, in order to help support his mother and ten-year old brother. Mr. Smith, whose health was delicate, soon entrusted Joseph with the management of his entire estate. He held this position until Mr. Smith's death and soon thereafter married his daughter, Sally. Although Joseph was not yet twenty-one years old, the marriage proved successful and of mutual benefit. Sally inherited her father's estate. It was on this property they spent their entire lives and reared twelve children.

Harrison County was then almost covered with primitive forest. Educational facilities were, at the best, limited, and Joseph Johnson did not have an opportunity for the best, so his rudimentary education was picked up during his few spare moments at work, and late at night. Continuing to study throughout his life, he was a truly self-educated man.

As Benjamin Franklin did in his youth, Johnson organized a debating club in Bridgeport to augment his personal study. The club later became famous for the number of its members who adequately filled public positions. In this club the chief topic of discussion was the pending war with England. Johnson aligned himself with the Republican party, as the advocates of war were then called. It was in this respect that first he was brought to public attention. Captain of a rifle company, he led them to Norfolk when the Atlantic seaboard was threatened in 1814, and there they remained in service until peace was secured in 1815.

In that year he was elected to the state legislature. The story is told in the family that during one of these early campaigns Uncle "Joe" went to a mountain home to spend the night. Since the family was not there he ate some food, slept, and prepared to go his way in the morning. Before leaving he left a one dollar bill pinned with a note to it. The note read: "Any man whose wife can bake such wonderful cornbread as I ate here, certainly must vote the Republican ticket, (signed) Joseph Johnson." He made no campaign speech in that district, but, the story goes every vote cast there was for him.

In 1823 he became a member of the eighteenth Congress, and was re-elected six times before he retired in 1847.

When in that year he returned to spend the rest of his life quietly at home, he was met by the pleas of his party friends to become a candidate for the state legislature in order to redeem Harrison County, which had turned Whig during his absence. Having been reminded that they had stood by him in every election, but needed him now more than ever, since he was the only man who could defeat the popular young Whig candidate, he stepped back into public life and served a term in legislature.

Returning from legislature in 1848, he again prepared to retire, but was sent as a delegate to a convention to remodel the constitution of Virginia. During this convention he was elected governor by the legislature, which was according to the old constitution. In 1851, the new constitution, which he had helped to frame, was adopted and at the same time he was nominated by the Democrats. Following a warm campaign he was governor by a majority of about 9,000.

The self control and sense of humor of this fiery orator are perhaps best shown by an incident which occurred once as he came home from Richmond during his term of office. During the trip he conversed for hours with a fellow-traveler who expressed his views freely and violently. According to him, Johnson possessed every quality undesirable in a governor of the state. The longer his companion talked the more unpleasant adjectives he produced with which to describe the "impostor." All of this Governor Johnson heard calmly, often nodding in apparent agreement, or asking provocative questions. Most cordial terms had developed

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Old Homes of West Virginia

By MRS. S. D. BRADY SR. And JANE FAULKNER WHITE

AN unusual type of house stands in the South Branch Valley, on Main street in Franklin, Pendleton County, directly opposite the Court House. It was built by Mr. McCoy, the ancestor of the present owner, Mrs. Herbert Anderson.

ANDERSON HOME

It is one of the finest designed, rectangular shaped, homes in West Virginia. It has elaborate window casings for the four pairs of double windows in front, two pairs for each story. Over the front entrance is a single window with narrow glass panels at each side.

The front entrance is of an unusually fine design. It has four columns paired at each side of the steps. These columns are a foot in diameter and are topped with an Ionic capital of excellent design. Two large pitch pines stand at each end of the house which adds to its attractiveness.

WILLOW WALL

Another South Branch old home of note, is that of the McNells located about four miles below Moorefield in Hardy County, at the entrance of what is known as Indian Old Fields. It is very large, containing twenty-two rooms, and is more than a century and a half old and is in good condition. It is built of brick but not strictly the Colonial style altho the ornaments are Colonial, with large double chimney. In the McNell home are to be found the finest examples of the Paladian window in West Virginia. In a portion of the house which projects from the main part are to be found two of these windows, one above the other. A feature of the Paladian window is that the arch above the window is round, in this house they are peaked.

The portion in which the Paladian windows was built later as an addition. The wall paper in the hall has been there since the house was built, and in perfect condition. Its fine glaze is unimpaired, and the hunting scenes are truly lovely.

HICKORY HILL

The Welton home is located in the South Branch Valley of the Potomac on Route 28 about four miles from Petersburg and about seven from Moorefield. It is built of red brick, two stories, has five large windows across the front, with a wing on each end. The central front entrance is not covered with a roof, but has only a small portico. The doorway is one of the finest bits of Colonial architecture in the country, and noted architects have come from large cities to copy it. The windows have white stone lintels and the two wings have porticoes. The back of the house has a long porch overlooking the river from the elevated terrace some thirty feet high.

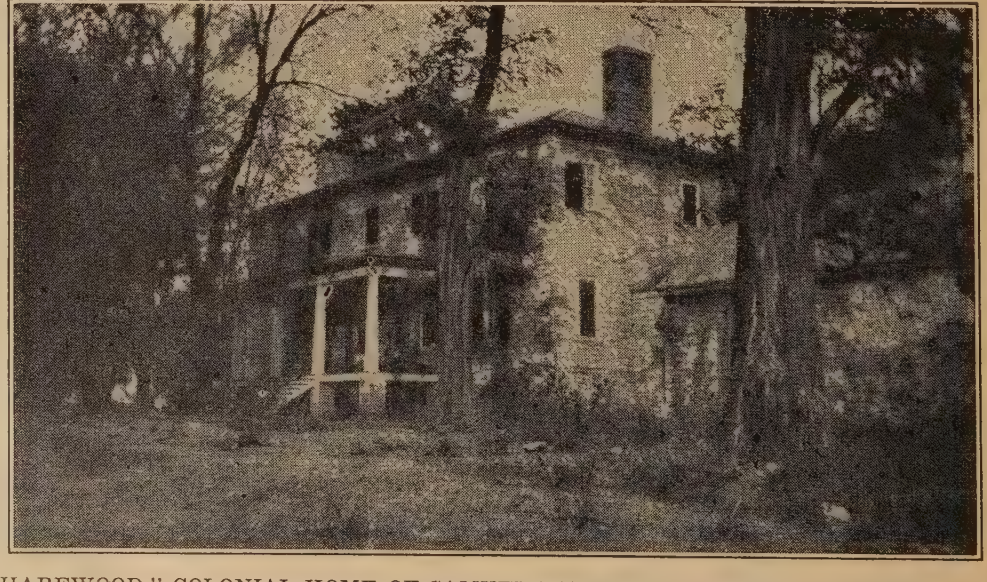
The house is situated at a bend of the river, in the midst of a large grove of old trees and was built by Mr. Cunningham for Mr. Felix B. Welton born 1812, married twice and raised several children, one of his descendants lives in the old home.

This home was called "Hickory Hill," and goes by that name today, Mr. Felix Welton is buried in what is called the Hickory Hill cemetery on his own land.

HAREWOOD

"Harewood," was the home of Samuel Washington, brother of General George Washington who was the third child of Augustine and Mary Ball Washington. He was a native of Stratford County Virginia. In 1753 he came to what was Berkeley County, Virginia, west of the Blue Ridge mountains, to make his home. "Harewood" was built under the direction of George Washington, and is said to have been the first house built out of native limestone in the Shenandoah Valley.

This house is in perfect preservation after 158 years, its grey stone chimneys stand tall and graceful as they did a century and a half ago. Before coming to this part of Virginia, Samuel Washington had been married three times, altho still a young man. His first wife was Jane Campe who died without issue, his second was Mildred Thornton, first cousin of his brother Charles' wife who



"HAREWOOD," COLONIAL HOME OF SAMUEL WASHINGTON NEAR CHARLES TOWN

had the same name. She died and left two sons Thornton and Tristam. His third wife Lucy Chapman left no children living at the time of her death. Soon after coming to Berkeley County, he married a widow Anne Steptoe Allerton, and by her he had four children, Ferdinand, George Steptoe, Lawrence Augustine, and Harriett Parks Washington. His last wife was the widow Perrin who survived him.

Samuel Washington was a Colonel in the Revolution and died at "Harewood" at the age of forty-seven years in 1781.

Dolly Payne Todd came from Philadelphia to be married at her sister's home "Harewood", to James Madison, on September 15, 1794. This was a gay wedding in the handsome drawing room. As we see it today, with its beautiful paneling reaching from the floor to the ceiling, imported from England and the porphyry mantelpiece, with its delicate carving, one of two sent as a gift to George Washington from France by the Marquis de Lafayette. Its companion piece is at Mt. Vernon. It brings to mind memories of all the gayeties which may have taken place there. Lafayette was a visitor at "Harewood" and Louis Phillipe, King of France and his two brothers lived here, while in exile in America.

Over the marble mantel is a portrait of Samuel Washington. The deep window seats seem to be set in the panels of the walls. The staircase of lovely carved wood was also imported from England. "Harwood" still belongs to a descendant of the Samuel Washington family.

HAPPY RETREAT—MORDINGTON

Happy Retreat was the Colonial home of Charles Washington, a brother of General Washington, it is located near Charles Town. It consisted of two wings, the central part of the house was added in 1833 by one of his descendants Judge Douglas, when he changed its name to "Mordington," by which it is known today. Charles Washington and wife Mildred are buried back of the house, but the exact spot has never been located. Charles Washington laid out the town and named it for himself Charles Town, this is now in Jefferson County, West Virginia.

LEE HOUSE

Lee House was the home of a Revolutionary officer, General Charles Lee. This is a very curious old house, with its doors so low, you almost have to bend to get thru them. It was built in 1770, the right half of the house being the original home of General Lee.

PIEDMONT

At the foot of the hill, beyond St. George's Chapel, across a sparkling stream of water, we come to this old home, built of English brick, the home of Dr. John Brisco, built in 1780. He married the grand-daughter of General William Darke. His portrait and one of his wife adorn the walls of the wide hall.

The deep window seats, in the white wainscoating, and the French wall paper, depicting scenes from Telemaque, are great attractions. There is only one other wall paper like it in the country, which is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The pictures on it, of lovely gardens, make you feel as if they were really there, so fine is the work of the artist Dufour.

CLAYMONT

Through a fine grove of trees, we come to the home built in 1820 by Bushrod Washington, a grand-nephew of General Washington. It was also the home of Frank R. Stockton during the last years of his life. Claymont is three miles from Charles Town, on the Summit Hill road, it is noted for its sunken gardens, still lovely, which added so much charm to this old home.

BOYDVILLE

A most interesting event occurred during the war between the States, while my Grandfather Charles J. Faulkner was in prison. General Hunter gave orders to have his men burn all the old homes, among them Boydville. Captain Martindale, an officer of the 1st New York Cavalry, appeared at the door and asked for my grandmother.

When she came into the room, he told her, he had orders to burn the home of C. J. Faulkner to the ground, she said "This is not the property of Mr. Faulkner, it belongs to me and you will not dare touch it." He replied, "I have my orders which must be carried out," she said, "Let me see those orders", he replied "No, they are sealed orders. "Then will you read them to me?" Madam, I am ordered to burn the home of C. J. Faulkner and you will have one hour to gather your clothing and the wearing apparel of your daughters, but nothing else."

This house is still filled with heirlooms and treasurers and sacred memories and it is not strange, that those orders filled her heart with sorrow and anxiety, she was not a woman to sit down and let calamity overtake her and her time was all too short for action, but she determined to have at least one try, so she telegraphed an appeal to President Lincoln. Her messenger hastily rode to Hagerstown and sent her message to Washington.

The only other member of her family at home was her daughter Mrs. Pearce, and all they could do was wait and pray. Each minute of that hour was fraught with intense anxiety.

Meanwhile the officer and his soldiers lounged upon lawn, waiting for the appointed hour, to apply the torch. They knew nothing of the message and were only obeying their orders. The old clock in the hall seemed to tick and count the minutes into the past with unusual speed. The servants were hastily packing trunks, with as many articles as possible to be spared the flames, but my grandmother seemed to take no notice of what was going on about her. She sat at a window, commanding a view of the road, leading to town. trying to catch the first glimpse of a horseman, flying to her relief.

Three quarters of an hour had passed by, and she strained her eyes, sitting at the window, while those soldiers still lounged on listlessly under the shade trees. Suddenly the clatter of horse's hoofs in full gallop was heard far down the road, she sprang to

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Romney and Hampshire County
West Virginia

By MISS SUE BRADY

A Confederate mounment stands today in the Indian Mound Cemetery at Romney, West Virginia. In the Spring of 1866 a Confederate Memorial Association, was organized and work started on the erection of this monument, which is believed to be the first to be erected to Confederate soldiers in the South.

This Association decorated the graves in Indian Mound Cemetery, June 1, 1866. This is also said to be the first Decoration of graves in the South.

This Association solicited funds, organized a sewing society, and held fairs, and by October 15, 1866, their Treasury contained $1,070.90. Of this amount collected, $421.58 was given to relief of orphans of Confederate soldiers.

More money was earned and collected and on June 6, 1867, it was decided to order the monument from Gaddes Bros., Baltimore, Md. Feeling was so intense at the time, that fearing the destruction of the monument by Federal sympathizers, the inscription was not carved upon it until after the monument was partly boxed, then it was hurriedly shipped to Romney and erected.

It was dedicated on September 26. 1867. The monument is made of Italian marble and has carved on it the names of Hampshire county Confederate soldiers who were known to be dead at that time.

The Monument is twelve feet high, and cost $1,400.00 in cash besides large donations in labor.

The Ladies Memorial Association has decorated the graves of the Confederate soldiers in Indian Mound Cemetery every year since 1866.

ROMNEY IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

In this War, Romney was captured and re-captured fifty-six times. On June 11, 1861 the town was captured and held several hours by Gen. Lew Wallace, a Federal General and the author of "Ben Hur."

January 14, 1862, General Stonewall Jackson took peaceable possession of the town. He spent the night there at the "Old Century Hotel," which stood on the site of the New Century Hotel.

NATIONAL CURIOSITIES IN HAMPSHIRE COUNTY

Ice's Mountain—About ten miles from Romney (County seat) on North river, on a mountain side, about 500 feet high, many blocks of ice weighing from 15 to 25 pounds may be found at all seasons of the year. The rocks are so cold, they numb the fingers, even though the sun shines all day on this ice formation.

Hanging Rocks—Four miles north of Romney, where the river has cut its way through a mountain, about 500 feet high, a huge mass of rock, several hundred yards in length and not less than 300 feet high form a perpendicular wall, which hangs over the river and the highway below. The B. & O. R. R. tracks pass directly under these rocks, and evidences of a big Indian battle have been found here.

Capon Springs—Located about thirty miles from Romney. Its waters are of medicinal value, and during ante-bellum days, these Springs had a reputation, greater than any in the South. Many notables have stayed there and been benefited by the water, among them were the Washingtons, Daniel Webster with Sir Henry Buliver, President Pierce and others.

Indian Mound Cemetery—This is a very large Indian Mound, in which have been found many Indian relics, which proves, it was first used as a burial place by the Indians. It is beautifully located on a high elevation above the South Branch of the Potomac river and over-looking that beautiful valley.

Old Cemetery—The oldest cemetery is located in the center of the town of Romney and is known as the burial place of Lord Fairfax's neices and other distinguished people.

NOTABLE PEOPLE IN ROMNEY

JOHN J. JACOB

The little town of Romney has given to her State three notable Governors, first—John J. Jacob, the first Democratic Governor of West Virginia, and was born in Hampshire, December 9, 1829. He was the son of the Rev. John Jeremiah Jacob and his wife Susan McDevitt, and was a graduate of the Romney Classical Institute and of Dickenson College. He taught school in Romney and in the meantime studied law. He became a Professor in the University of Missouri and filled a chair there until 1860. He returned to Romney in 1865 and in 1869, was elected to the Legislature on the Democratic ticket and the following year, 1870 was elected Governor of his State, serving from 1871 to 1873 and re-elected and serving until 1877, when he opened a law office in Wheeling, where he resided until his death.

Sketches---Points of Interest in West Virginia

NEAR the state line of Old Virginia, along the eastern end of the part of the Midland Trail crossing into West Virginia, is a lovely and historically interesting section of beautiful and fine farm lands.

A few miles away is The Old Sweet, oldest resort of the kind in either Virginia or West Virginia, if not the oldest in the United States. It lies in the midst of magnificent scenery and has an elevation of 2,500 feet.

The buildings are of brick constructed with a massiveness unknown at present, and wonderfully preserved, comfortable and picturesquely beautiful. There is a lawn of fifty acres, gently rolling, with primeval oaks, a beautiful spring and swimming pool. Although the medical water was known to the Indians, historically it dates back to 1760, when the first settlement was established. To William Lewis, the "Civilizer of the frontier," a patent was issued in 1774. Since the building of the Hotel, in 1792, until the present, many and distinguished guests have enjoyed its beauty—Washington in 1797, presidents and statesmen. It was there Jerome Bonaparte wooed and won Elizabeth Patterson.

Just west of Union is located Salt Sulphur Springs.

The grounds were a favorite camping place for Indians en route from Kentucky and Ohio to the Valley of Virginia.

In 1803 the medical spring was discovered by Alexander Hutchinson, but it was left to his sons-in-law to erect, in 1823, a handsome stone hotel. It became one of the most important health resorts of the Old South,—neighbor of and equal in prestige with The Old Sweet and the Old White. Like them, it was favored by distinguished guests, among others, Clay and Calhoun.

Just twenty miles south-west from Union, in a narrow valley of Monroe County, on a fine road running through lovely country, is the old Red Sulphur Springs.

The pavilion over the spring is a dome 42 feet in diameter, supported by twelve columns. The height from water to top of the dome is 52 feet. It is the largest in the mountains of the Virginias.

White Sulphur Springs, is the most celebrated watering place in the Southern States and among the most noted in the world.

It has an unbroken history of prestige and popularity, is rich in legend, romance and history.

NOTE

This collection of interesting items to be seen in West Virginia was prepared by Elinor J. R. Woolf, President of the West Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The information has been taken from many sources but special acknowledgement of appreciation is given to the National Society of Colonial Dames Resident in West Virginia for material that had been assembled by historians of that organization.

It was patented to Nathan Carpenter, who reared his cabin near the spring and moved his family to it in 1774.

Soon after his settlement, his house was attacked by Indians. He and his family were murdered with exception of his wife, Kate, who, with an infant fled to a high mountain where she remained concealed until later, when she was able to reach her friends in Virginia. Since that time Kate's mountain has been of great interest to the visitors at White Sulphur who learn its tragic story.

Many famous names are written on the registers there—Commodore Stephen Decatur, Henry Clay, Rufus Choate, Millard Fillmore, Gen. Robert E. Lee, the loved Chieftain of the South and others.

Previous to 1870, when the Chesapeak and Ohio Railroad reached the Springs, the guests came by private conveyances and the stage coach. A century's patronage of pleasure-loving, health seeking, aristrocratic guests have given The White an unusual social and historic interest.

The old Spring House with the original canopy is one of the loveliest structures of the large group of buildings.

The beauty of the surrounding country, the 2,000 feet elevation, the equitable climate—mild in winter, invigorating in the spring and fall with cool, refreshing nights in summer, the healing medicinal waters and baths, the modern and luxurious hotel which has replaced the quaint "Old White," the excellent roads and golf links, make it one of the most favored year-around resorts of the country.

It also bears another distinction. The first golf tournament ever played in America was on the course laid out at the "Greenbrier."

"The Old White!" is particularly interesting to Southerns because here General Lee spent much time after the War. The beloved "Chieftain" has been signally honored by the preservation of the "Lee Room" in the President's cottage. It is a beautiful room, quite worthy as a memorial to a great man. The four walls are covered by mural paintings that show the military and after-war life of Robert E. Lee in panorama. In these murals are portraits of General Lee, his wife, Mary Custis Lee and their daughters Agnes, Mildred, and Mary; also Generals "Stonewall" Jackson, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, Jubal Early; besides many other famous people of that time. The murals in addition to giving authentic pictures of costumes, historical incidences, places and people are beautifully decorative and appealing—in short, they are fine works by a fine artist.

Lewisburg is one of the quaintest and most interesting of the old towns of West Virginia, is the County seat of Greenbrier County.

The first Greenbrier County Clerk's office, erected prior to 1789, on ground donated by Col. John Stuart, is yet beautifully preserved. It is built of native stone and cement locally made, the

formula of which is not preserved. This seemingly imperishable cement was also used in Stuart Manor and the Old Stone Church. Col. John Stuart, the first Clerk of the County, built it on his own land at his expense. It was also occupied by his son who succeeded him in office. The title to the building has never passed out of the family.

Col. Stuart, a young bachelor, was just 20 years of age when he settled in Lewisburg as a member of the Greenbrier Land Company. His first home was a log cabin, the second a two and one-half story log house, the most pretentious in Greenbrier. Captain Stuart distinguished himself at the battle of Point Pleasant.

He brought his bride, a young widow, to his second home where they lived until 1789 when Stuart Manor was built of native stone laid up with home-made cement of lime-stone and sand from the Greenbrier River. The walls bid fair to rival the Pyramids of Egypt in durability.

In this exemplary colonial residence of Virginia Col. and Mrs. Stuart lived and extended a hospitable welcome, not only to neighbors and acquaintances, but to business associates and strangers. The latch string of the door was always out and hanging low. Many distinguished persons of the frontier and eminent men from the East found their way to this delightful home.

Mrs. Stuart was Agatha, the daughter of Hon. Thomas Lewis, eminent in the Virginia House of Burgesses and the Continental Congress and granddaughter of Col. John Lewis, founder of Augusta County, Virginia.

Col. John Stuart and Agatha his wife and family, were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and strong in the faith. Mrs. Stuart, with the sanction of her husband and family, gave her entire heritage of five hundred pounds of gold from her father, that the Old Stone Church might be erected.

The Old Stone Church at Lewisburg was built in 1796. It is maintained in its original condition by the Presbyterians and used by them for services. To them it is a treasure store of sacred memories.

The land for the Church was donated by Col. Stuart. It is built of roughly hewn rock, dragged on ox sleds from neighboring mountains. The sand was carried in saddlebags, on horseback, from the Greenbrier River, four mile distant. Although no foundation was laid, the building settled so uniformly that not a crack shows in any wall.

Over the entrance is a tablet with the following inscription:

"This Building was erected in the Year 1796 at the Expense of a Few of the First Inhabitants of This Land to Commemorate Their Affection and Esteem for the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ."

Reader: If you are Inclined To Applaud Their Virtues, Give God the Glory.

Not far from Lewisburg north-east is Max-Welton. Two miles further north is the Captain Samuel Kincaid Homestead. This house was built between 1776 and 1780. Both Samuel Sr. and Samuel Jr. fought in the Revolution. Samuel Kincaid married Margaret Clark, first cousin of General George Rogers Clark who mentioned in his diary staying at the Kincaid home. The Kincaids were famous for their hospitality.

The house is of brick and hand hewn timber.

It is a family tradition that the chimney was built under contract to be paid for only after it was demonstrated that it would draw satisfactorly. This great chimney, it is said, could accomodate six men, each standing abreast. The first fire was started in the Autumn, when flocks of passenger pigeons were en route southward. The leader (passenger pigeons follow their leader) was drawn in and the rest followed. Such a flurry and such a noise as the surprised birds came tumbling down by the hundreds into the room, until it was necessary to put out the fire and cart them away in wagons. The chimney had proved itself to have sufficient draft, but the throat of the chimney had to be reversed. Then when a fire was lighted, it created such a draft that up the chimney went the fire logs, so that they had to be anchored by chains when used. A happy medium for chimney throat was finally reached which turned the trick. The chimney and fire place served for years its mission of heating, lighting and cooking until the house gave way to modern methods and the old fireplace and chimney have been replaced, sad to say, with a bay window.

A few miles further north, on the Seneca Trail, is Marlinton, one of the oldest towns in West Virginia. It is the County seat of Pocahontas County, and was founded 1749. Here is yet standing the Lewis Oak marked in surveying for Greenbrier County by General Andrew Lewis, in 1761. The tree is honored in the American Hall of Fame Trees, as the oldest "line tree" west of the Allegheny Mountains.

Not far from Lewisburg, is Blue Sulphur Springs, a water place long and favorably known for the beauty of the surrounding country and the refreshing coolness of its climate. It was very near here that Traveller, General Lee's war horse, of Gray Eagle stock, was foaled and spent his early life.

Hawks Nest, on the top of Gauley Mountain, in Fayette County, furnishes a most awe inspiring view of the New River Canyon. It is the most enthralling scene in the State. It is said to be the deepest and longest canyon east of the Rockies—85 miles long and from 750 to 1,500 feet deep. No lover of nature can gaze upon this scene divine, without being thrilled. The towering mountains on either side of the narrow gorge, through which more than 1,000 feet below, flow the rapids of New River, are overpowering. The heights are dizzy and the rocks rugged and wild. The forest growth of trees and evergreens, together with the flowering wild crab and cherry, the flowering azaleas, dogwood, service berries, laurel and rhododendrum, ferns and small wild flowers in spring and in the autumn nature's marvelous tapestry of gorgeous foliage, form a apicture of beauty and grandeur never-to-be-forgotten.

At the foot of the mountains is Kanawha Falls, not only a scenic beauty spot but historically significient as well. During the struggle between the French and English for territorial rights from lakes to gulf and sea to sea, on September 17, 1761, two representatives of the English King, Thomas Batts and Robert Fallom, traveling by canoe, reached Kanawaha Falls from the Ohio River.

The falls have been commercialized, harnessed to machinery. Though still beautiful, the scene has changed.

On the road side near Snow Hill, five miles east of Charleston stands a large Indiana Limestone marker. Engraved on the face is the following:

"Daniel Boone, The Western Virginia Pioneer of Kanawha County, An organizer of Kanawha County, 1797 Delegate to Virginia Assembly. His cabin was across the River from cave in cliff above. He hunted Deer and Made Salt from Spring at the Water's Edge. Erected by Kanawha Valley Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution."

Almost before the traveler realizes it, he is in Charleston, the beautiful golden Dome of the new State Capitol flashes into view. The new building was completed in 1932 and stands a monument to an uncorruptible Capitol Commission with breadth of vision to provide for the State Capitol Building needs for untold years to come. They also exercised good judgment, good taste, and foresight in the selection of an architect who made of the building a thing of beauty, in fact, his masterpiece. No true West Virginian can fail to be proud of the State Capitol.

Point Pleasant is located at the confluence of the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers. Since the earliest days it has been a center of interest historically and industrially. On Oct. 10, 1774, a battle was fought between American colonists and Indians. The battle was waged on the one side by Indians who were using English muskets and Engl'sh ammunition, and on the other by Gen. Andrew Lewis and voluntary troops, heroes in homespun and buckskin, recruited enroute. The Indians under Cornstalk were hired representatives of the British army. The battle might have gone against the Colonists because of the treachery of the British with Governor Dunmore serving in Virginia, but the savages were vanquished, and, because of this victory over the Indians, Virginia was able to enter into the Revolution which could not otherwise, at that time, have been undertaken. It is said the battle of Point Pleasant was the most far reaching in its results of any battle on the American Continent. A bill to aid in the erection of a monument at Point Pleasant to commemorate the Battle of the Revolution was introduced Feb. 17. 1908, into United States Congress and later passed. This officially recognized the fact that this was a battle of the Revolution. Since it antedates the battle of Lexington by six months and nine days, it is chronologically the first battle of the Revolution.

Here, too, is Teo Endie—Wei Park. This is a Shawnee Indian name signifying the mingling of the waters, the spot where the Kanawha meets and mingles with the Ohio. Here for centuries, the Indian had buried his dead, over which he built mounds. These have ruthlessly been leveled by the white settlers.

In the Park, besides the battle monument, is the mansion house, a historic show place visited annually by thousands. In it are preserved local colonial furnishing, farm and artisan implements and many Indian relics. Here is the grave of Mad Anne Bailey.

One of the most heroic figures in Revolutionary and Pioneer history. Her first husband, Richard Trotter, was killed in the Battle of Point Pleasant. Later she married John Bailey. After the death of Trotter, she swore vengeance on the Indians. Adopting the costume of the pioneer frontiersman, she became the messenger between Richmond and Western Virginia to the Ohio, defending herself with her rifle and tomahawk, providing herself with the game of the forest and sleeping often in the open with her horse, Liverpool, tethered near by. While living at Fort Clendenin (now Charleston) the Indians laid seige and there was a shortage of powder, she slipped past the Indians and rode on horseback to Lewisburg, more than 100 miles, and without rest, returned through the wilderness in two days and one night, leading a second horse carrying enough ammunition to save the fort.

When 73 years old she died in Ohio, but her friends knowing she wanted to be buried on the Battlefield, gave their consent to the removal of her remains. On October 10th, 1901 at the celebration of the Batttle and the dedication of Teo-Edie —Wei Park, Anne Bailey's remains were laid to rest where her heart long had been.

In this Park on April 8, 1931, the Colonial Dames reproduced the "French Leaden Plate" of 1749. Louis XV of France sent a commission to place these plates, which set forth his country's claim to the Ohio and its tributaries. The one planted at the mouth of the Kanawaha River was washed out a hundred years later and found by young Mr. Beale. It was carried to Richmond, a facsimile was made for the Department of Archives of Virginia and the original returned to Mr. Beale. Shortly afterward the plate disappeared, and it is believed fell into the hands of a junk dealer and was destroyed.

Point Pleasant, as will be seen by the journal, was the farthest western point on the Ohio reached by Washington. He was, in 1772, surveying lands for himself and officers of the French and Indian Wars. Washington was most favorably impressed with lands at the mouth of the Kanawha, as indicated by the selection of land for himself on the lower side of the Kanawha.

Point Pleasant is a shrine, the sacred trust of West Virginia. It is to West Virginia what Lexington is to Massachusetts, Valley Forge and Gettysburg to Pennsylvania, Yorktown and Appomattox to Virginia, New Orleans and Vicksburg Mississippi, Lookout Mountain to Tennessee and Antietem to Maryland.

Wheeling in the northern pan handle is a city that has occupied since the earliest pioneer days to the present, an enviable and foremost position in the affairs of the State. Distinguished men such as Washington, La Fayette, Henry Clay and others were guests in this city in those trying times.

During the pioneer days it was called Zanesville for the Zane brothers, founders of the town. Betty Zane, the daring young daughter won the admiration of her neighbors when during an Indian attack she, in full view of the savages, ran from the fort sixty feet across an open space to her home, secured a keg of powder and with it on her shoulder made the return trip in safety and saved Fort Henry. She is one of the women heroines, of that time, that West Virginians may well feel proud of.

Fort Henry's place in American History was on this occasion made secure and the name of Betty Zane immortalized.

A monument erected to mark the spot of McCullock's leap, brings to mind another reckless and daring feat of border warfare. On September 2, 1777, Samuel McCullock had been pursued by Indians, but thinking he had evaded them was riding along leisurely on a ridge above what is now Wheeling, when he ran into a considerable number of Indians returning from a plundering expedition. He faced Indians on three sides and a precipice on the fourth. He preferred death among the rocks to Indian torture. Putting spurs to his gallent horse, he plunged over the hill. Miraculously he was safe and rode away, much to the astonishment of the Indians. Later the Indians killed him and ate his heart, hoping it would make them as brave as he.

Later the settlement was known as Fort Henry. An old type stockade, Fort Henry maintained its own entirety in the life of the community so long as needed, and commands its place in American History.

In a family burying ground at Wheeling, there are three Washington graves, Lawrence Augustine Washington, who died 1824, his wife and a daughter.

The type of grave markers used are successors of what was originally known as "Wolf Stones." In pioneer days long, heavy stones were placed upon graves to prevent wolves or other animals from disturbing the dead.

These Washington stones are unusually handsome for the period and are yet well preserved.

A few miles south of Wheeling is the Mammouth Mound at Moundsville. A man named Tomlinson, the first settler, 1770, found many of the trees marked. At one time on the summit was a great oak marked 1734-1838. The trees growing on it were believed to be 700 years old. All of them were cut for lumber.

At Parkersburg, we find Blennerhassett Island. It is beautifully located in the bend of the magnificent Ohio. Here Harmon Blennerhassett brought his fair Irish bride, an exile from his native land. Wealthy and cultured, he built his beautiful mansion and formed a paradise of a home. Here, Aaron Burr, who had slain in a duel the people's idol, Alexander Hamilton, came and by his influence and great ability won the favor and help of those charming people.

Blennerhassett and his wife became involved with Burr's scheme for a "Western or Spanish Empire." The suspicion of neighbors brought about an investigation and resulted in a trial of the two men before Chief Justice Marshall in Richmond. Both men were acquitted, but both were broken in spirit and fortune. Never was the family re-established in the old home and misfortune followed until the end.

Viewing it all, Blennerhassett Island is one of the most historic scenes in America. Its romance is so beautiful, its finale is so tragic as to call forth a sympathy for these sojourners in a strange land.

Clarksburg showed an appreciation of one of her most famous native sons when on September 26, 1911, a bronze tablet with the following inscription was unveiled.

On this Site Stood the Birthplace of Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, Lieutenant General C. S. A. Born January 21, 1824—Died May 10, 1863. At the unveiling a speaker said, "Independent of his signal merits as a commander and as a man of force and character, West Virginians admire General Jackson because of the unselfish devotion which he had for the people of his State and the beautiful Southland. No statue or tablet can add to his illustrious career . . . . . Time's pageant will inscribe his name in letters of flame among the few great warriors whose fame can never die."

The old bridge at Phillipi, in Barbour County has long served the public, 1852-1932, and over it passed the contending armies. This was the scene of the first battle of the War Between the States.

In Elkins is held annually one of the most beautiful events of the year, the Forest Festival. It possesses more than local interest, and many people came to take part in the elaborate ceremonies.

One of West Virginia's natural beauty spots is rugged Blackwater River, coursing through hills of wondrous beauty in Tucker County.

Beautiful Harper's Ferry, one of the show places of America, was in 1782 described by Thomas Jefferson thus: "The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps the most stupendious in nature. On your right comes the Shenandoah to seek vent—on the left approaches the Potomac in quest of passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain and render it asunder.

Dammed up, they had formed an ocean, at length having broken over at this spot, the piles of rock, particularly on the Shenandoah, evince their disrupture by the most powerful agents of nature, and make a marked contrast to the foreground of placid delight. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

The above pen picture was outlined from Jefferson Rock, a phenomenon of nature on Bolivor Heights, Harper's Ferry.

John Brown's Fort after being torn down and rebuilt for exhibition at the Columbia Exposition in Chicago was returned and rebuilt and is on the grounds of Storer's College, which was the first government supported public school for freedmen in America.

Harper's Ferry is rich in beauty and in historic interest whether surveyed from the Indian invasions or its activities during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods.

The Richard Morgan home is the oldest building in the oldest town in West Virginia.

Shepherdstown, established in 1762 by Thomas Shepherd, was previously known as New Mecklenburg. As early as 1727 or before, pioneers crossed the Potomac at Packhorse Ford and settled here. It is said to be the oldest town in the Shenandoah Valley. Richard Morgan's grant is dated 1734. His will is still on record.

The General Horatio Gates home, known as Traveler Rest, is six miles from Shepherdstown. It was built by Gen. Gates soon after he purchased

(Continued on page 48)

West Virginia Battles During 1861-65

By SUE STRIBLING SNODGRASS

MARTINSBURG AND BERKELEY in WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

DURING the fateful years of 1861-65, Martinsburg and Berkeley lying just south of the Potomac, which was more the dividing line between the North and South, than the imaginary Mason and Dixon line became, at once a battlefield, for the contending forces.

On August 25, 1861, our own West Virginia hero, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, better known as Stonewall Jackson, was commissioned Colonel of Volunteers, and at Harpers Ferry, he at once, threw himself, with characteristic energy, into the task of shaping, these raw volunteers into the afterwards renowned army of the Shenandoah, which on May 23rd he turned over to General Joseph E. Johnson of the Confederate forces.

Jackson was placed in command of the First Virginia Brigade made up from men from Berkeley, Jefferson, Frederick and Clarke Counties. Jackson, on July 2nd met the Northern army under General Patterson along the Williamsport pike, about four miles north of Martinsburg. By some historians, this is called the battle of Falling Waters, by others of "Hainesville," but the Berkeley County chapter of U. D. C. verified the exact location from eye witnesses and from old soldiers, and they, with a marker of bronze, rivited to a boulder of native limestone and dedicated it, with appropriate ceremonies.

The marker bears this inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON—this tablet is erected by the Berkeley County Chapter U. D. C. to commemorate an instance of General Jackson's remarkable bravery, at all times, in the face of greatest danger. On this site July 2, 1861, General Jackson was sitting under an oak tree, giving orders, when fired upon, by Federal troops. A cannon ball cut off the limb of the tree, but Jackson, unhurt, rode calmly away."

"This memorial marks, not only the spot, where Jackson first showed his coolness under fire but also where the first Artillery action of this war took place."

Roy Bird Cook, our West Virginia Historian, in his "Family and early life of Stonewall Jackson" prints a letter of Jackson's to Col. J. M. Bennett of Weston which begins as follows:

Headquarters First Brigade
Camp Stevens, June 24, 1861

My Dear Colonel:

At present I am in command of the Virginia Volunteers organized into the First Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah, and have my Headquarters on the road from Martinsburg, to Williamsport and about four miles distant from the former place.

According to the Diary of a Real Daughter of the Confederacy, the Federal troops had crossed the Potomac, for the first time on Sunday, June 16th, and after the battle, which she calls the battle of Hainesville, they entered the town, the next day and took possession. From that on, for the next four years, Martinsburg was occupied by first one side then the other. The same Diarist says that one particular day, the town changed hands three times.

Many stories could be told by Real Daughters living today, but one of them kept a daily Diary, in a tiny blank book, and this is a very valuable bit of history today. She was Susan Nourse Riddle an aunt of the writer and of Mary Calvert Stribling, former State President U. D. C. of West Virginia.

ABSTRACT FROM AUNT SUE'S DIARY

This is an account of a battle of which Aunt Sue was an eye witness.

June 1, 1863—Constant reports of our Rebels coming. June 12th—came home after spending a week in the country, found the town tolerably quiet, but the Refugees very uneasy. June 13—Considerable commotion, merchants packing up goods etc., selling cheap—women scared and scolding—in despair about being caught here—I stopped at Mrs. Young's to see some prisoners being brought in from White's Battalion, and got caught in a shower. Sunday, June 14—Great excitement, very small prayer-meeting here, but very quiet during the time. Noon—cannonading heard. Three o'clock Yankees changed base and moved over to Showers Hill, with great flourish of trumpets, going to defend the town at all hazards. Refugees and darkies all gone. Tremendous excitement. Citizens ordered to leave the town, the "Rebels" are going to shell it. Watching from the garret, men, women and children running to our cellar for protection. Five o'clock—General Jenkins sends a flag of truce to surrender the town, which they refused. Half past six—the Rebels open fire, and the Infantry enter with a "yell." A few moments of terrific firing, but at the second shell, the Yankees broke. commenced running and yelling, down the hill and across the creek. In a monment everything is changed and no thought of fight—a second Banks retreat, artillery, men, horses all flying amid the dust and smoke, laughing, cursing, shouting, crying all together. About 8 o'clock the first Greycoat rode down the hill. Oh, the joy at seeing it once more, another and another and soon the town was full. K. Rhodes Division enters the town, the Cavalry pursue the flying Yankees, capture all their guns, but one.

Such a happy, comfortable night we have not

spent in six long months. May we not forget "To bless the Lords on this happy Sabbath night:" Monday, June 15—Surrender of Milroy's forces at Winchester. Rose early and went to the kitchen and baked for the soldiers all morning. Captain Foley, of General Jackson's staff, along with others took breakfast with us. Rhodes Division passed thru, crossed the river at Shepherdstown.

Sept. 14, 1862—After the battle of Antietem she writes: At the hospitals (in other words churches) hundreds of sick and wounded soldiers. Father at the Methodist Church all day dressing them. Mr. Hopkins (Dr. A. C. Hopkins) the fighting Chaplain one of General Jackson's staff with us this evening, he preached twice in our Church (Presbyterian) Sept. 21—A busy week, entertaining friends, feeding soldiers etc. Father busy every day at the hospital. The Army extends from Harpers Ferry to North Mountain. Jackson, D. H. Hill, A. V. Hill, Ewell, Longstreet, all around us. The dashing Cavalry Officer J. E. B. Stuart knew our country well, too.

Early in the War, in conjunction with Jackson he had burned the "old Collonnade bridge" of the B. & O. R. R. Later, the clever manoeuver was accomplished of confiscating fourteen railroad engines and transporting them down the Valley Pike from Martinsburg to Winchester.

It was from Berkeley, that Jeb Stuart started on that brilliant exploit called "The Chambersburg Expedition." With 600 men he traversed the country. Camping one night at Hedgesville and crossing the Potomac at McCoy's Ferry, he invaded 160 miles of Northwestern Territory, capturing Chambersburg, destroying $250,000 worth of Federal stores. Took about 30 Government Officials prisoners, to say nothing of capturing 1200 horses.

BATTLE OF ANTIETEM

By Mrs. M. S. R. Mohler

One of the greatest fights in American history occurred September 17, 1862, between the Confederate forces under General Robert E. Lee and the Union forces under General George B. McClelland with an army of 87,000, all of whom, however, were not engaged in the fight, and General Lee's army, variously estimated at from 35,000 to 50,000.

Late in the afternoon of September 16, Hookers 1st. Corps came in advance and met with the pickets of General John B. Hood's Division on the Confederate left and a sharp skirmish ensued.

At the very break of dawn, on the 17th began a terrific artillery duel and then the advancing Division of Doubleday, Ricketts and Meade of Hooker's Corps, drove Lawson's Confederates thru the bloody cornfield with great slaughter, only to be struck by Hood's Division, and in turn driven back to the cover of their artillery, and then for lack of support Hood was compelled to fall back. General Mansfield's Corps arrived to aid Hooker, and Mansfield was mortally wounded while deploying his troops at the East Woods and General Williams took command.

Three Brigades of D. H. Hill's Division moved up from the sunken road to the bloody cornfield, to support Hood and check the advance of the Federals. General McClelland, then ordered Gen. Summers, with two Divisions of the 2nd Corps to support Hooker and Mansfield. He moved Sedwick's and French's Division forward. Sedwick advancing thru the West Woods, was taken by surprise in both front and flank by Early and McLaws, the latter having just arrived from Harpers Ferry, and also by the remants of Jackson's Division. He lost around 2000 men in fifteen minutes, and was forced to retire to the cover of their guns. McLaws men pursuing to the very muzzle of the Federal Artillery, from which they suffered terrific losses.

Meanwhile General French advanced on Hill's brigades and a savage conflict waged over and around the Roulette farm, Bloody Lane and the Piper's cornfield. Generals C. B. Anderson and R. H. Anderson were hurried to Hill's support, and General Richardson was sent to support French, and pendulum of battle swung to and fro until the Confederates fell back to the Piper's farm buildings.

General Robert Toombs with two Georgia Regiments, supported by artillery had desperately held Burnsides 9th Corps back, in their repeated assaults upon the bridge all morning. About one o'clock the final assault by the 51st New York and 51st Pennsylvania was made and they successfully carried the bridge.

General Rodman who had crossed lower down by Snavely's Ford coming up at this time on Toomb's flank, the Confederate line fell back on the Harper's Ferry road and in the streets of Sharpsburg, Maryland. Just as Burnside's movement seemed crowned with success, the tide of battle turned. General A. P. Hill with his "Light Division arrived on the field from Harper's Ferry and hurled his forces at the flank of Burnside's advancing troops; Toombs and Jones rallied to Hill's assistance and Burnside's troops were hurled back to the banks of the Antietem, when darkness fell and mercifully put an end to the fearful slaughter.

All the day of the 18th, the two armies lay facing each other, and on that same night, while Fitzhugh's Cavalry kept the Confederate camp fires burning, General Lee removed his Army across Blackford's Ford into Virginia.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1935

On the plat of ground which has recently been purchased by the West Virginia Division U. D. C. and upon which ground stood General Lee's Headquarters's tent, during the battle of Antietem, occurred on that day, a little incident which will bear being re-told.

On the afternoon of this bloody days conflict, after Burnside's forces had crossed the lower bridge, General Lee was standing in front of his tent, talking to General Jackson, he requested him to send at once, to a point in front of the enemy several guns of an absolutely reliable battery. An officer was immediately sent to bring up Graham's section of Poague's Rockbridge Artillery. It soon came up and went sweeping by, at a trot. In the ranks of the noble band was Robert E. Lee Jr., as a private and as he passed, black with grime and

powder from a long day's fight, he stopped for a moment to salute his illustrious father and then, hat in hand, rushed after his gun. The son of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army was a private in the ranks.

John Kyd Beckenbaugh
Superintendent

National Park Service
Antietem Battlefield Site
Sharpsburg, Md.

The foregoing brief sketch of the battle of Sharpsburg gives the background which prompted the Sharpsburg-Lee Memorial, the present project of the West Virginia Division U. D. C.

One day, the writer held a conversation with Mr. Beckenbaugh when he mentioned the fact that General Robert E. Lee's Headquarters during this battle, was in a grove of oak trees, on the northside of the road, leading into Sharpsburg, Md., from Shepherdstown West Virginia and deplored the fact, it was not marked in any way.

This entire battlefield at Antietem fairly bristles with monuments and markers from every State, represented in the battle, Generals and Officers in every Division, Corps and Companies are on these markers, yet the Commander of the Southern Army and the idol of all the Southland, who had his Headquarters there remained unmarked in any way.

After talking over the matter with our Shepherdstown President, Miss Sallie Lee Powell, the writer brought this matter up before the Chapter and it was decided to sponsor the idea of buying the plat of ground and appropriately marking it and to ask the West Virginia Division to help carry it through. At the State Conference at Charles Town in Sept. 1934, it was voted upon favorably and was to be the out-standing project of all West Virginia Daughters.

Mrs. Woolf appointed the following committee to be known as, The Sharpsburg-Lee Memorial Committee—Mrs. John J. Cornwell, Miss Carrie Roush, Mrs. George Beltzhoover, Miss Sallie Lee Powell, Mrs. M. S. R. Mohler.

Upon investigation, this land was found to be a part of a series of building lots, so laid out and recorded as Nos. 26-27-28-29 and 30 on the plan of addition to Sharpsburg, developed by Lancelot Jacques in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Washington Co. Md., and along the Government Boulevard toward the Sharpsburg Railroad station.

An option was taken on these lots by Mr. John Kyd Beckenbaugh for the West Virginia Division U. D. C. An unforseen circumstance threw this land upon the market, in January 1935, and our Division had not planned to buy it until the following March. Mr. Beckenbaugh came to our rescue most gallantly, advancing the first payment and assuming the mortgage for the balance, until the Division could repay him, and then have the deed recorded in the name of the U. D. C. Trustees of the West Virginia Division of the Sharpsburg-Lee Memorial Plat.

At the Convention held in Lewisburg, it was decided to pay off this indebtedness during the coming year and appropriately mark this spot, having already to dedicate and present at the next Conference (the thirty-eight) which will be held in Martinsburg 1936.

It is the hope of the Committee to dedicate it upon the seventy-fourth anniversary of the battle of Sharpsburg, when Dr. George Bowler Lee, the only living grandson of General Robert E. Lee has promised to be present and receive it in the name of his illustrious grandfather.

West Virginia is proud of the fact that they are re-claiming this sacred spot for future generations to gaze upon, and to know that it was here in an army tent pitched in a grove of trees, from September 15th to 18th, 1862, General Robert E. Lee had his headquarters.

On the other side of Antietem creek, and opposite the battlefield, General Lee's schoolmate and friend, now on the opposing forces, General McClelland was billeted in an imposing brick mansion, situated upon a high hill, overlooking the country. The house still stands.

It is the plan of this Lee Memorial Committee to bring this plot back to its original appearance, reforest it with oaks. locust, dogwoods, redbud, cedar, hickory and walnut trees, with native wild flowers dotted over the ground. The approach will be clear, with a flagstone walk leading to it.

On October 23, a group of men, belonging to the Henry Kyd Douglas camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans of Shepherdstown went over to the lot and partially cleared it of weeds and debris and planted forty-seven trees.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON

By Mrs. McNutt

The 23rd Volunteer Infantry Ohio Regiment marched on its way south, by way of the Kanawha Valley passing through Charleston, Fayetteville, Beckley and Flat Top mountain in Mercer County and here they encamped on April 30, 1862, one mile south of the Flat Top postoffice, on the westside of what is now route 19.

This camp was officially named "Camp Jones" and it was at this point that the battle of "Clark's House" took place.

While the Ohio Regiment was encamped at Flat Top, Colonel Walter Jenefer had his command of several thousand Confederates encamped in Princeton, each army awaiting an attack. Excitement was running high, on the morning of April 30th 1862, when Captain Botsford of the Union Army with seventy-eight picked men was sent to round up the Company of Captain Richard B. Foley, an independent Company, which was organized by him in 1861 in Mercer County. After scouting around all day unsuccesfully trying to locate Capt. Foley's men, who were hiding in the red brush, near the Union camp. Capt. Botsford's men went into camp at Clark's House, which was four miles from Camp Jones.

Soon after daylight the next morning, as Capt. Botsford had lined up his men for roll call, Capt. Foley whose spies were watching every movement of the Union soldiers, ordered his men to fire and a battle raged for more than a half hour killing and wounding several on both sides, the official report gives one Union man killed and twenty wounded and on the Confederate side, eight wounded, namely

Captain Foley, James H. Fletcher, James Butler, Hugh Farmer and Alexander Miller severely and Green Bryson and Montgomery Cox mortally wounded.

Following the battle at Clark's house, the Union troops moved on toward Princeton where the entire Confederate force of Mercer County were encamped under Colonel Walter Jenefer, who had won fame at the battle of Bull's Bluff on the Potomac river, when he was only a Lieutenant, but at Princeton he committed an act that over-shadowed all the glory he had won heretofore, and that is, while in command at Princeton, upon hearing that the Union forces were on their way to Princeton, and knowing that within a short time, they would occupy the town, Colonel Jenefer gave orders for the burning of the town, thereby making homeless men, women and children. Only about nine or ten houses were left standing, out of which, two or three are still standing. One of these, a small house on Walker St. which was used as a Confederate postoffice and was later used in parolling the Union soldiers and is in fair condition today.

After Colonel Jenefer's evacuation of Princeton, the town was occupied by the Union troops under General Cox. As Gen. Cox and his troops were advancing toward Princeton, Lieutenant Colonel Fitzhugh with one hundred dismounted cavalry and seventy or eighty militia were ordered out to meet the enemy, and this fight was kept up for thirteen hours, for a distance of twenty-two miles into Princeton. This battle was known as "The battle of Princeton" and the official loss was reported as Union—35 killed, wounded and missing and the Confederates one killed and fifteen wounded.

Between the first and tenth day of May 1862, Gen. Cox had advanced with the main body of his forces to French's Mill (now called Oakville) and upon hearing that Generals Wharton and Marshall of the Confederate forces were pursuing him from Pearisburg, Gen. Cox decided to return to Princeton.

Gen. Wharton encamped, on the night of the 16th of May at the Peary-Gibson farm at the southern base of the East River Mountain. Upon reaching the top of this mountain, he discovered, some three miles to the East, Colonel Van Blessing of the Union Army, advancing, but obeying his orders Wharton went on towards Princeton where on reaching Pigeon Roost Hill, about one mile south of Princeton, he found that instead of Princeton, being in the hands of the Confederate forces, it was occupied by Federal troops. Wharton halted and reconnoitered and placed his troops in line of defense. Col. Von Blessing not knowing of the close proximity of Wharton's men, his troops were thrown into confusion, by the sudden rapid fire of Wharton. This fight at Pigeon Roost Hill took place at ten o'clock in the morning on the 17th, with a loss of one killed and nine wounded for the Confederates and 18 killed and 55 wounded of the Federals and 14 captured. Among those of the Confederates was Captain Elliott of Kentucky who was wounded so severely he died.

Mercer County sent to the field of battle for the Confederacy ten Companies under the following Captains: Robert Richardson, William B. Dorman, John A. Pack, W. G. Ryan, Richard B. Foley, John R. Dunlap, William A. French, Jacob C. Staley and Robert Gore.

GENERAL WILLIAM E. JONES RAID IN WEST VIRGINIA

By Anna U. Brady

For sometime prior to April 21st, 1863, the camp was full of rumor. In some direction, and on that day Gen. Wm. E. Jones marshalled his forces and started from Lacy Springs Virginia upon his celebrated raid into West Virginia.

Leaving Lieutenant Colonel Funston in command of the cavalry, whose horses were not considered strong enough to undergo the trip, General Jones moved his army in the direction of Moorefield, Hardy County with quite a large force of cavalry, the Second Maryland Infantry and the Baltimore Light Artillery also Chew's Battery.

It was a beautiful morning, but before long it began to rain and poured the rest of the day so that only fifteen miles were made that day, this rain continued for three days and Moorefield was not reached until the third day. On this account General Jones sent his infantry and artillery back to the Valley as they could not make good progress in the mud.

Pressing on with his cavalry, he found the Potomac River so high he had to detour around Petersburg to get over the river, where the ford was rough. In crossing, the stream was so deep and so swift, several horses and men of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry were drowned.

Contrary to his information, General Jones found the Greenland Gap occupied by the Yankees, so he attempted a surprise. Failing in this he would try more severe measures for he was most anxious that his real plan was not discovered.

Colonel Dulaney with his Seventh Virginia Cavalry charged gallantly but failed to dislodge the enemy, who were occupying an old log church, which completely defended this pass. In this assault Colonel Dulaney had his horse killed and was himself wounded in the arm.

Then General Jones sent Major Brown and Lieut. Cook with a Company of the First Maryland Regiment to guard the New Creek road, to prevent a surprise there. Two Companies under Capt. W. I. Rasin and Lieut. H. B. Dorsey were dismounted and ordered to charge and open fire with their long range guns, upon the church. This was a failure as they were deceived by a flag of truce carried by the enemy, thinking they had surrended, so they rushed upon the church and were met by a volley of fire at short range. Private Lambden was wounded and Private Spencer was killed.

Deciding this place could not be taken without great loss of life, General Jones planned to wait until after dark when he planned to make another attack. About nine o'clock Captains Bond and Smith with their companies of dismounted cavalry made the attack, by breaking in the windows and thrusting in bundles of hay on fire which set the building on fire and the enemy were either taken prisoner or killed. This detention of General Jones at Greenland Gap was unfortunate, as it prevented him from capturing a train which con-

(Continued on page 46)

Confederate Generals Whom I Have Known

By EUGENIE HILL ARNOLD

FROM my earliest childhood to the present day I have always been such an ardent admirer of my dear father that the first general I ever knew always remained the first with me. Possibly I am not the one to write of him, for I have always felt that I couldn't do the subject justice. But the poet who wrote "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring," must have known personally just such a man. From my earliest years my mother was almost an invalid; she was often confined to her room for days at a time.

Then the tender ministrations of our father began; to see that we little ones were never neglected by careless nurses, and that the invalid had every care and attention. As both the children and the servants loved and respected him, we were glad to obey. Among my earliest gymnastics were tripping around the home on tip toes, and never slamming a door to disturb my sick mother. I heard my father once say he felt assured of the love and affection of the three classes he was most associated with—his children, his pupils, and his soldiers, and he was indifferent to the opinions of the rest of the world.

The night before the storming of Chapultepec, in the Mexican war, General Lee slept in the tent with my father. Before they slept he said to father, "Hill, if we live through tomorrow the old state will remember us." And their old state, South Carolina, did so. That state gave to each one a handsome gold sword. When I was a girl I saw in the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, the gold swords given by European Potentates to Gen. Grant, some bedecked with jewels, but none pleased me more than my father's. I also have the resolutions passed by his state legislature in 1857 when they ordered that the sword be given him.

Now for a pupil's tribute—When I lived in California one day a stranger called on me. He said, "When I heard that a daughter of General Hill lived in this town I couldn't leave it until I came up to shake your hand and tell you what your father did for me. When I was sent to the University of Arkansas I was bold and a bad boy; few were worse. Your father's daily reading of the Bible, and his exposition of it, transformed my life, and put me into the ministry."

Another pupil, also a soldier, gives the following tribute:

To the Editor of the Observer:

I read with unusual interest the article in the Observer recently, stating that the Stonewall Jackson Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, under the leadership of Mrs. J. A. Fore, is perfecting plans for the unveiling of a marker to honor the memory of Gen. D. H. Hill, founder of the North Carolina Military Institute. The news is a personal satisfaction to me, because I think that God never blessed the world with a finer specimen of humanity than when He gave Daniel Harvey Hill to North Carolina. Mrs. Fore and her associates could not bestow a more deserving honor to any man. They could not keep alive the history of any individual whose example would be more inspiring to the youth of the country. I have for forty years impatiently looked forward to the time when Charlotte would honor the memory of General Hill, and I thank God that I lived to see even this modest assurance of appreciation for that great man. There was no more efficient soldier in the Confederate Army than he. He served from April, 1861, starting as a Colonel of the First North Carolina Regiment, to April 9, 1865, when he surrendered as a Lieutenant-General. I knew General Hill when I was a small boy, and I regard it as a great distinction to have served under him. May the effects of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter to preserve the memory of General Hill be rewarded by the hearty thanks of all the people.

James Dinkins
(Capt. Jas. Dinkins, of N. C.)

Last winter in Deland, Fla., we met and made friends with some charming people from Connecticut, a retired Congregational minister and his wife. They had never been South before, and seemed to enjoy our southern people so much. One of my friends gave the minister my husband's book (on Jackson) to read. He saw me on my porch a few days later, and came in to tell me he couldn't remember when he had ever enjoyed a book so much, and would I tell him who were some of the characters. I did so with pleasure, and before he left our town he read the book a second time. This same friend gave him my article in the Confederate Veteran on "The Christian Character of our Great Leaders." The minister told me the very first sermon he was called on to preach when he returned home would have in it the quotations from my father in that article. He wrote it down in his note book. This was the quotation—"Holding an unwavering faith in the wisdom, justice and mercy of God, I submit with adoring reverence to His decree which destroys our hopes of Southern independence. I would not reverse His decree, if I could do so. That would be wicked and presumptious. All honorable Confederates render the truest allegiance to the obligations imposed upon them by the surrender. I believe the most uncompromising Rebels, yes, the bitterest Rebels, if you choose to call them so, would be the very first to rally round the old flag in any just and honorable war." We all know how this prediction was verified in both wars we have had since. I thought the war of '61 to '65 was at least over when I heard of that sermon to be preached.

When I was a young school girl we were having chills and fever so badly in Charlotte that I was quite run down when vacation came, and needed a change very much. As my parents had formerly

lived in Lexington, Virginia, they thought there was no place for health like the Rockbridge Alum Springs. As two of our cousins were going there, I was sent with them. It was a beautiful place. The guests had little brick cottages on either side of a semi-circle, with a pavilion in the center for the band. The big hotel, where we all went for meals, was at one end, and the famous springs at the opposite end. Whenever the band began playing the guests came out on their front porches to enjoy the music. One day before the dinner hour, when we were all enjoying this pleasant recreation, the band suddenly stopped for a few minutes, and changed their tune to "All Hail to the Chief." We all looked to see the cause, and Lo! and Behold! the great General Robert E. Lee was in our midst, leisurely riding up on his handsome horse, Traveller. The horse immediately recognized the martial music, and began prancing and cavorting around like he was going into battle, as General Lee was graciously bowing to acquaintances. It was certainly a beautiful and inspiring sight, one that I can never forget. The handsome man and the handsome horse were well matched, and the horse seemed proud of his handsome master, as if he wanted to show him off to the best advantage. After dinner all the guests were cordially invited to the parlor to meet General Lee. We took inconspicious seats, expecting to wait our turn in being presented. In a little while a gentleman came up to me and said, "Miss Hill, General Lee wishes to meet with you." What an honor for the shy little school girl, to be picked out from among all those people, but I recognized it was not for me personally but only a compliment to my father. This was soon evidenced when he inquired for him so cordially, and then told me how he always regarded my father as one of his bravest and best generals and he could always rely upon him in any emergency, and sent his kind regards to him. How my heart warmed to him for his kind words. He left us early the next morning for his duties at Lexington, and I never saw him again.

General Joseph E. Johnson (next in command to General Lee) with his wife, were at the Alum Springs at this same time. They were both so lovely to me, we became real good friends. They often called for me, as they passed our cottage, to join them on their walks to the Spring. General Johnston often corresponded with my father on military matters, and after I knew him he always sent me a message in his letters. One day I asked my father, after seeing he had a letter from General Johnston, what was my message. He answered, "Oh, he forgot you this time," but I insisted on seeing the letter and found my message up in one corner. Father laughed at me and said, "Oh, the eyes of vanity can always find things."

My acquaintance with Gen. Jackson was juvenile, In my infancy, at Lexington, I had pneumonia, and was very seriously ill. He was quite intimate in our home, and was so deeply concerned he came in every day to inquire for me. One day he noticed how tired out my parents were, and begged them to let him walk me for a while, and relieve them. Mother said his gentleness with the sick baby was beautiful to see. I was old enough to remember him when he married my aunt, although only a tiny little tot of five years I can remember that my dominant thought was to see everything and not to be seen, so I was hiding behind my mother's big hoop skirt but looking with all my might at the tiny little bride, looking so pretty and sweet in her bridal array, and the big and inspiring man in his full dress uniform. When the ceremony was over my mother took my hand and said, "Now, come and see your new uncle." The new uncle lifted me off my feet and soon had me in his arms, kissing me, and my aunt smiling at me until her turn came, when she gave me a similar greeting. And now I am the only living witness of that wedding. "All gone to the bourne from which no traveler returneth." Many have thought of General Jackson as so grave and stern that he had little or no humor in him, but listen to this letter to his sister, Mrs. Arnold, my sister-in-law, and see how it sparkles with humor:

My dear Sister:

I will begin by stating that I have an invitation for you, and what do you think it is? Who from? For it is not often that I am authorized to send you invitations, and especially a pressing one. And I suppose you think, Well, what does he mean, Why doesn't he tell me at once and be done with it. Well, you see I have finished the first page of this letter, and if I don't tell you soon you will hardly get it at all from this sheet. Well, having cultivated your patience a little, as all women are said to have curosity, I will tell you that Miss Mary Anna Morrison, a friend of mine, and in the western part of N. C., in the southern part of the state, is engaged to be married to an acquaintance of yours living in this village, and she has requested me to urge you to attend her wedding in July next. To use her own words, she says, "I hope your sister will come." The wedding is not to be large. I told her that I would give the invitation and having done so feel that I am free from all further responsibility in the matter. I told her I didn't think you could accept it, and if you can't, just let me know in your next, and transfer the invitation to your humble servant, and he will not decline; for he is very anxious to go, as he is much interested in the ceremony and the occasion, and the young lady is a very special friend of mine.

Your affectionate brother,
Thomas.

But a few years later, when I was a young lady, my aunt, Mrs. Jackson, took me with her on such a lovely trip to Virginia. We stopped first at Hampden-Sidney, where her youngest brother was in the Theological Seminary, and we were entertained by members of the faculty. Then, next, we spent a few days in Richmond and in Staunton, our next stop, we met a very pleasant and charming young Brigadier-General, General Lilley. He was unmarried and had lost an arm in the service, so the girls made quite a hero of him. Just before our train started Miss Mattie Old came on, about the same time that General Lilley did. She was quite noted for her beauty, her wit, and her flirtations. About every man she met fell a victim to her charms. She was accompanied by several beaux, and they were asking her where she was going, when she was coming back, etc. She finally said,

"Oh, I see you haven't heard the news. Didn't you know that General Lilley and I were married this morning, and we are going on our honeymoon?" Poor General Lilley looked over-come with surprise and embarrassment.

Lexington was our objective, and it was quite a pleasure to meet with General Lee's family, the ones who were at home that summer. His son, General Curtis Lee, now taking his father's place as president of the University, and while not so handsome or attractive as the father, yet was every inch the gentleman, especially in his home. Mrs. Lee, the great General's widow, appealed to me very strongly. She invited us to tea—my aunt, little Julia and myself. Mrs. Lee was crippled with rheumatism, and sat on a high rolling chair, and she looked like a queen sitting up there above us all, and she always seemed busy; she was much interested in the new Episcopal church they were building, and made her money by coloring the General's pictures and selling them. The only daughter at home that summer was Miss Agnes and she was very pleasant and attractive, and unassuming.

General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, and my father were always good friends. He lost a leg in the war. I met him in South Carolina when returning with a large bridal party from a delightful visit to Winnsboro. General Hampton's son, Major Wade, was one of the guests at the party, and introduced us to his father on our return trip.

I know quite well three other brave Confederate Generals who lived in Charlotte after the war. The first of these I will mention was General Rufus Barringer, my mother's brother-in-law. From among my grandfather's six handsome daughters, he married the most beautiful one, and General Barringer was the least beautiful of the six sons-in-law. A portrait of Mrs. Barringer, painted by Sully, the famous artist, is the most beautiful portrait I ever saw. She died in the midst of her youth and beauty. There was such general lament over her untimely passing that when I came as a little babe into the family, my mother named me for her as a slight memorial to her lovely face and character.

The second one, General Thomas F. Drayton, was also from South Carolina, and lost almost everything he had there and came up to Charlotte to make a living. His two daughters were great friends of mine. The other was General Robert D. Johnston, whose family was always identified with Charlotte; they all were representative and fine people. They told this amusing story about him, that he forgot one night to take a young lady to a party, with whom he had an engagement. She went with her cousin as her escort when she gave him up. He felt so mortified and abashed when he saw her, and had to face the music and apologize; that she just laughed about it and made light of it in such a good natured and merry way that he fell in love with her then and there, and soon after married her. She lived in our neighborhood, and was not only a very lovely girl but also a talented one. They moved to Birmingham, Alabama, and Mrs. Johnston was probably one of the first women in the south to come before a legislature to present and re-dress the wrongs of the laboring class. She was also one of the regents of Mount Vernon.

General A. B. Buckley, of Kentucky, was also one of father's friends who occasionally called on us when in Charlotte on business; he had a beautiful little girl whose picture was in "The Land We Love." One of my little brothers came in to see him on one of these visits; Harvey was attending a military school and looked so handsome in his uniform, General Charles Butler put his hand on his shoulder and laughingly said, "I feel like strangling every good looking young fellow like tris." We asked him why, and he said "Because one of them will take my little girl away from me some day." I see recently from the papers that a son of his is Commandant now at West Point, so it looks like the war is over sure enough, and this old lady must close her reminiscences.

I can think of only one more General to add to the list. In the Spring of 1887 I came on from California to visit my parents at Milledgeville, Georgia. My father was president of the college there. He told me of receiving an invitation from the Confederate Veterans of Baltimore to deliver an address there on their Memorial day, and that if I could go with him he would accept. As his health was now uncertain he didn't like to go alone. I told him I could arrange it, as some of my Californian friends in Washington were insisting on a visit before we returned, and that I could leave my little children with them and go with him to Baltimore. General Bradley T. Johnson was at the head of the Veterans' Association. He met us with much cordiality when we arrived in Baltimore, and escorted us to our hotel, and then later to Ford's large opera house, which was packed to overflowing. General Johnson introduced my father in a very happy way, then joined me in a box to the left of the stage. I was deeply gratified at the reception they gave my father, it was just an ovation and applause all the way through. His subject was "The Old South," and he conclusively showed his audience that the New South had nothing to be ashamed of. We were much pleased with General Johnson; he showed that he was a good old rebel just like the rest of us.

Now, what was it that made these men so great to us, what was the tie that bound us all so close together? Did you ever define that word "patriotism"—it comes from the Latin word "patria," love of one's native country, and is a God-given instinct.

When you build a home in that native country, be it a palace or a shanty, it's another God-given instinct to love that home, and when a family is added to that home it's another God-given instinct for that love to be intensified. And that man is a patriot who buckles on his sword, and goes out to defend that home when invaded by a foe, and that is the tie that binds us all so close together.

Poets and Poetry of the Southland

By GRACE DUPREE RIDINGS

Tribute To George Washington

Guardian of an embryo nation
Through the hours of her birth,
God, is all His tender wisdom,
Sent George Washington to earth.

Nature, in her rarest moment,
Fashioned into one fine mold,
Worthy traits, the truest, finest,
Master mind, and heart of gold.

Tall and straight his supple body
As the sturdy mountain pine,
Clear and worthy his ambitions
As the myriad stars that shine.

Washington, our Nation's hero,
By his forceful, manly ways,
Bravely led us through the struggles
Of our Old Colonial Days.

Guided us into a Union,
Raised a flag above our land
Taught us how to work together,
Ever forward—hand in hand.

Let us pay him humble reverence
In our lives from day to day,
Clinging to his high ideals
As we travel on life's way.

Never one more true, more noble,
Have we found, from shore to shore;
May his glory live forever,
May it guide us evermore.

—Esther Lee Carter

Mission of The Daughters

It is theirs to lift from out the chrysalis
Of death, and ruin, a rain-bow tinted South,
Which shall exceed in rapture, phoenix-fires.
Theirs to waken Dixie's bright and radiant stars!
And fingers that have fashioned many shrouds,
In which to lay their heroes down to dreams,
Now weave into the looms of peace, the cloth,
Of golden literature—the poems, and songs,
In tapestries, to adorn the walls of the New South,
And like the famed Grecian's song that awakes,
The dawn of a far off day, awaken
To new splendors, the land that knew a Lee,
A Jackson and a Forrest too, They live
Again on pages that the muse supplied.
Till once again, it seems that Jackson rides,
Through the vale of the Shenandoah, and Lee,
The matchless leader, cheers his embattled troops,
But oh the deathless sorrow of it all.
The warriors of our own beloved South
Have passed beyond the corridors of time;
The dust of our evangels have lain down
To sleep among the hills! But God knew best.
Sweet be their dreams in this—
Their long, long rest.

—Grace Dupree Ridings

Stonewall Jackson--Are You Dead?

Stonewall Jackson, you are not dead.
We say to every southern breeze.
You have only passed over the River to rest
"In the shade of the trees."

Your challenge is ringing across the years
To all who are facing sore defeat.
"Give them the bayonet." echoes still
And halts retreat.

Son of the South, you are not dead,
You live on the pages of history
And our children's children shall learn from you
Lessons in courage and piety.

—Elsie Duncan Sanders

Fourth Generation

"You're so old-fashioned-" and my daughter's glance
Lifts from the hearth where glowing fire-spirits dance,
To contemplate a quaintly pictured face
Above her—in a cap of handmade lace—
Beside which, on a rosewood table, stands
A candle fashioned by the same small hands-
Yet, hands so capable I'm sure they could
Have chopped, if necesssary, even the wood
To feed the pictured flame, whose mellow glow
Falls on that lady of the long ago . .
"Please don't wait up—" as silver-fluted notes
Proclaim arrival of her latest love . .
Beneath the stars the keen wind whips their throats . .
Great-grandmother, I'm sure, would not approve.

—Jessie Wilmore Murton

Answer to The Conquered Banner

(By Miss Sarah Ann Tillinghast, Fayetteville, N. C., written in 1865).

"Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For it's people's hopes are dead."
(Father Ryan's Conquered Banner.)
No, fold it not away forever,
Keep it in our hearts depths ever
Love it, keep it for it's past;
Take it out sometime and wave it,
Think of those who died to save it,
Glory in the blood we gave it,
Bind it with our heart strings fast.

Take it out sometime and show it,
Let your children early know it,
Know its glory—not its shame.
Teach them early to adore it,
Scorn forever those who tore it,
Tell them how it won a name.

AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE

By ELINOR J. R. WOOLF

AMANDA Austin Byrne was born in Lewisburg, West Virginia. She comes from a distinguished and patriotic ancestry, always active in colonial, revolutionary, and confederate military and civic life of the country. Her father, Dr. Samuel Hunter Austin, was born in Augusta County, Virginia. He was previous to the war at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and had started his studies to become a doctor.

He put aside his work and enlisted as a volunteer in defense of Virginia. He was rapidly promoted from private to first lieutenant. He served throughout the war in active service, having been in battles fought in West Virginia, Virginia, and Maryland. For a year he served as assistant surgeon in a hospital at White Sulphur Springs. The last year of the war he spent in the field until the surrender at Appomattox, when he was paroled at Staunton.

After that he went to Lewisburg and married, in June 1865, Mary C. McPherson. A year later he was graduated in medicine at the Medical College of Virginia. He continued to practice medicine in Lewisburg until the end of a long, helpful, and distinguished life.

Mrs. Byrne is Registrar of the National Society of Colonial Dames Resident in West Virginia, and a member of the Lord Calvert Chapter of the United States Daughters of the War of 1812. Other outside interests have claimed her time and ability also. She continually serves in important posts the Young Women's Christian Association, the Federation of Women's Clubs in her city and state, and is active in all branches of church work.

Mrs. Byrne is recognized as a parliamentarian of high rank, and as such has served the West Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the West Virginia Federation of Woman's Clubs, the Kanawha Presbyterial and West Virginia Synodical.

Her name is so closely connected with the United Daughters of the Confederacy that one can scarcly think of the one without associating it with the other. She has served the organization in many capacities in chapter, division, and general organization, She has held the offices of Corresponding Secretary General, 1918 and 1919; Recording Secretary General, 1922; First Vice President General, 1925 and 1926; President General, 1931-1933.

So recently has Mrs. Byrne become former President General that it seems useless to call attention to the constructive work accomplished during her administration. The following outstanding work, however, deserves mention: She arranged to have the Southern Magazine act as a voice for the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the business office was established at St. Louis, and she started the emergency fund which will prove of great benefit in time of special need.

INDIAN CHIEFS

ON the Court House Square of Point Pleasant lies buried the famous "Cornstalk, the Indian Commander of the Indians at the battle of Point Pleasant. Following the battle, he was held as a hostage at Ft. Randolph, as it was then called and was on the friendliest terms with the men in the Fort and sincerely desired peace. He was murdered November 10, 1777, by the enraged soldiers of the Fort because of the killing of one of their number by the Indians at the mouth of the Kanawha River. Captain Matthew Arbuckle, Captain John Stuart and other officers tried to save Cornstalk and his son Ellinipsico, a visitor, and Red Hawk, a hostage, but to no avail,—all three were murdered.

Due to grading of the streets, the body of this really great Indian, for the third time came to rest in the Court House Square, with no ceremony and no witnesses except for a few curious men and boys. The daughter of the jailor planted on this grave a wild rose, indigenous to West Virginia. A rail fence enclosed the spot until soldiers of the War Between the States used the rails for fire wood. At present it is enclosed by four stone pillars connected by chains. These were erected by the school children of the town.

Cornstalk's monument is also on the Square. There is no inscription on it except the word "Cornstalk". It is appropriate and sufficient. Here this great outstanding Indian lives, though dead, in the grandeur of solitude.

The family of Logan, chief of the Mingos, was killed by white men opposite the mouth of Yellow Creek, in what is now Hancock County, on April 30, 1774. The name of this famous Indian Chief is borne by a county and city in the state and another county bears the name Mingo, his tribe.

Many place Logan's speech before the peace commissioners at the close of the Dunmore War in the class with those of the greatest orators. The speech is as follows. "I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's home hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever came cold and naked and I gave him not clothing. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained in

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ELIZABETH CUMMINS JACKSON

ELIZABETH Cummins was born in England 1724 and died in Virginia 1825. The ancestor of "Stonewall Jackson."

Elizabeth Cummins sailed for America in 1748 in a ship with Captain John Jackson. It required six months to make the voyage, and during that time a romance budded which ripened into marriage, in America in 1755. She was a pure Saxon type, tall with a commanding physique, fair complexion, blue eyes, light hair. She was well educated, with unusual intelligence and self reliance also great strength of character, handed down to her from posterity.

When the ship upon which she crossed, reached Baltimore, the Custom's House Officers, wanted to open her big chest, stored with her wardrobe, heirlooms and an inheritance of one hundred pounds in gold, which she did not intend them to see, so she sat upon the top of the chest and refused to allow them to open it. She told them she had no contrabrand, only personal goods and if they bothered her, she would use her influence in England and make them sorry, this settled the matter and they let her go.

From there, she went to New York to join her sister and upon arrival, she found her sister, husband and two children, who had preceded her there, had died of yellow fever. She returned to Baltimore, to the home of some English friends, and lived with them until her marriage in 1755 to Capt. Jackson.

They lived for a short while in Maryland, then migrated to Hampshire County, Virginia, and in 1769 removed to the Buchannon river, where they built cabins and prepared to remain. Also erecting Jachson's Fort, now owned by one of their descendants, Martin Reger.

One of Elizabeth Cummins Jackson's acts in her new home on the Buchannon river, was to take out a Patent, in her own name, from the Commonwealth of Virginia, for three thousand acres of land which included the present site of the town of Buchannon, and for which she paid in gold, she brought with her from England. She retained to the day of her death, a few of these gold coins.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, there began a number of Indian depredations. John Jackson and his sons George, Edward, John and Henry bore an active part in repelling these invasions. The first Company of soldiers was raised by George Jackson in 1778. The Indians carried on their wars from 1777 to 1795. Elizabeth Cummins Jackson not only shared with her husband and sons all the hardships of frontier life but as a protector of their home as well.

While her men folks were away serving in the Continental Army, she was left in command of the Fort, a trust, she bravely and loyally kept. She had studied Indian tactics and mode of warfare so thoroughly, their war whoop did not alarm her. She fought them like a man, yet she was a kind, gentle person, and the frightened woman, and the terrorized children were all safely gathered into the Fort at every approach of danger.

Years later, John Jackson moved to Clarksburg, Harrison County, and it was there she had her last Indian fight, right on Main St., at Elk creek. Indians had not been seen in that locality for some time, but in crossing a foot bridge, she noticed two Indians creeping toward her, she, at once, with perfect aim and cool nerve killed them both, they were scouts.

In men, she required rare courage and upstanding principles. She had a rare power of constantly inspiring courage in all who came in contact with her. This gift she handed down to her posterity It was in 1790 that John Jackson and wife gave up their home and went to live with her son George in Clarksburg, where Elizabeth continued to spread her influence among her friends and neighbors. The following is quoted from a letter written by John G. Jackson to his sister-in-law, Mrs. James Madison (the famed Dolly) Sept. 1804, "My beloved grandfather breathed his last in the arms of his aged wife Elizabeth Cummins Jackson, my grandmother. To live and die as he did, would be the excess of life."

After the removal of George Jackson to Ohio in 1807, Elizabeth Cummins Jackson made her home with her grandson Judge John G. Jackson in his palatial mansion, on the hill in Clarksburg. This was the house he built for his first bride, who was Mary Payne, a sister of Dolly Payne Madison. Their marriage took place in the White House in 1801, and was the first wedding to take place in that historic mansion.

Elizabeth Cummins was ever a progressive business woman, as shown by an old certificate of the first bank organization in Clarksburg 1812 as follows:

"This is to certify that Elizabeth C. Jackson Sr. is entitled to one hundred shares of stock in the Virginia Saline Bank paid seventeen per centum of the shares-Clarksburg the 30th day of September, 1810.

J. Webster, Cashier
Benjamin Wilson, President

This Bank failed in 1819.

Elizabeth Cummins Jackson was a fine Christian character. She survived her husband until 1825, and died at the age of 101 years, which age she stated on her death bed. She died at the home of Judge John G. Jackson and is buried in the old Jackson graveyard in East Clarksburg.

Major-Gen. Frank M. Ironmonger

Youngest Soldier in the C. S. A.

ONE of the outstanding figures in Jacksonville, Florida, is Major-General Frank M. Ironmonger, who was born at Portsmouth, Virginia, March 4, 1853, and later lived on a plantation in Fluvanna County, Virginia, from which he rode on horse-back to Petersburg, Virginia, a two days trip from his home—to enlist February 8, 1864, in the 16th Virginia Regiment—a few weeks under eleven years of age.

Major-General Ironmonger, who is considerably over six feet tall, was even then a rather large boy for his age, and he proudly says: "I did not run away, but enlisted with my mother's full consent."

When the Commanding Officer realized how young he really was, it was hard to decide what to do with him. Finally, however, he was ordered to report to General Mahone, Commander of the Brigade, whom he served some time as courier, later serving in the same capacity under Weisiger.

He was in the Battle of Crater, Petersburg, Farmville, High Bridge, Sailors and Appomattox. With members of his family, he went over these old battle-fields in 1931, and from memory stopped within one hundred feet of the spot where Lee surrendered.

Major-General Ironmonger possesses what he believes to be the only parole in existence signed by Brig. Gen. Weisiger, which reads, as follows:

Appomattox Court House, Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

The Bearer—Frank M. Ironmonger, Jr.—Courier for Weisiger, Brig. Q. M.—a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home and there remain undisturbed.

(Signed) D. A. WEISIGER,
Brig. Genl. Cmdg.

"Frank M. Ironmonger, Jr." had some thrilling experiences for one so young; which, however, he says he was unable to discuss with any degree of interest until twenty years after the War.

On April 4, 1865, he was captured inside the Federal lines, was convicted as a spy and sentenced to be shot the following morning at daylight. A terrific rain came up early on the morning he was to be "bumped off" (as he says) and about two o'clock there was such downpour his guard moved off to take shelter under a tree about twenty feet away, which action he took immediately advantage of and made his escape.

He is firmly convinced he was saved by his mother's prayers. "My mother always kept a diary. About a year after the close of the War one of my comrads came to see me, and in the course of his conversation, said. "Frank, they came very near shooting you." I winked at him not to say any more. After he left, my mother made me tell her the full story. In consulting her diary, she found that on that night she had made an entry in her diary to the effect that she was uneasy and could not sleep—walking the floor and praying for the safety of her boy. I am sure those prayers induced the rain, which was my avenue of escape."

Major-General Ironmonger is Commander of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Jacksonville, and on November 6th, 1935, was re-elected Commander-in-Chief of the Florida Division Confederate Veterans Association. For ten years he has taken care of all the dues of members of the Camp, and for over five years those of the Second Brigade of which he is the junior Past Commander. He is President of the Old Confederate Soldiers and Sailors Home of Jacksonville, a State institution. He has lived in Jacksonville for fifty-six years, and with his wife, resides in a lovely country place on the outskirts of South Jacksonville. They have five children and six grand-children, all living in Florida. For over sixteen years he was Supervisor of Registration for Duval County. He is now retired at the age of eighty-two, enjoys good health and is always

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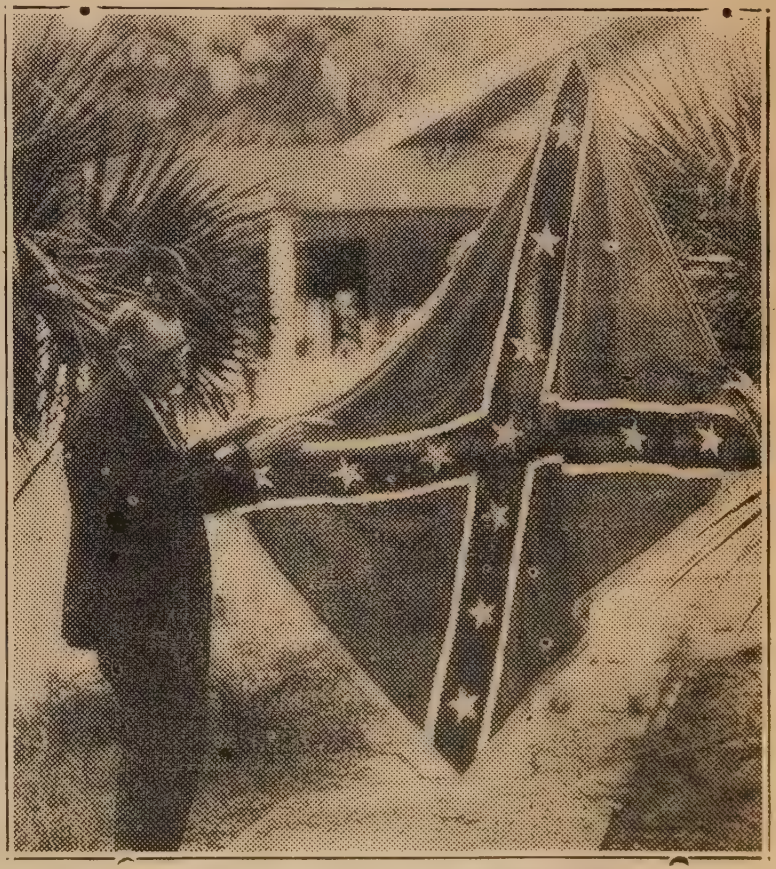

MAJOR-GEN. FRANK M. IRONMONGER

TRAVELLER

By BLANCHE HUMPHREYS

FIVE miles west of Lewisburg, county seat of Greenbrier County, West Virginia, is the farm on which General Robert E. Lee's famous war horse, Traveller, was born. This place, now known as the Jarrett farm, was formerly owned by Colonel Andrew Johnston, who incidentally, was the first owner of Traveller.

The ancestry of the favorite horse of the Confederacy has always been in obscurity, although Colonel Johnston believed him to be of the "Gray Eagle" stock.

Late one afternoon a stranger came to the Johnston place riding a little "flea bitten" gray mare very much fagged and weary. He asked Colonel Johnston if he had anything that he would trade him as he had to be on his way. A trade was made and the little gray mare was taken to a back pasture field and turned out to graze. It was some time before Colonel Johnston went to the pasture to see the mare and when he did go he found by her side a little gray colt with black mane and tail.

This little gray colt, which was destined to play such an important part in the history of the Confederacy, was named "Jeff Davis" for the then Secretary of War, and his education and training was given over to Frank Page, a colored servant of the Johnston family. Page "broke" the colt and exhibited him at the Lewisburg Fair where he won blue ribbons in the year of 1859 and 1860.

In the autumn of 1861 the Wise Legion of the Confederate Army was in camp on Sewell Mountain in Fayette county near Greenbrier line and Major Thomas L. Broun, who was with the Legion, was in need of a saddle horse and commissioned his brother Captain Joseph Broun, to purchase him one. A few days later, Captain Broun met with Captain Joseph W. Johnston mounted on the gray colt, called "Jeff Davis," then four years old, and wanted to buy him and did buy him for $175. When General Lee came to camp on Sewell Mountain he saw the horse and took a great fancy to him, speaking of him as "my colt", Captain Broun offered the horse to the General as a gift but he would not accept him in that way.

It was not until the following spring, in Charleston, South Carolina, that General Lee again saw the gray colt and this time he purchased him from Captain Broun for $200 and changed his name to "Traveller."

Traveller soon became the favorite mount of the General and bore him through some of the most noted and hardest fought battles of the War Between the States. In 1863 when General Lee was elected to the presidency of Washington College, and went to Lexington, Virginia, to reside, he took the faithful gray horse with him and the two soon became familiar to everyone in and around the beautiful college town.

In June, following the death of General Lee, Traveller ran a small nail in his foot, causing lock jaw which resulted fatally in a few days. At that time there was no veterinarian in Lexington; but the two physicians who had attended General Lee during his last illness came and did all they could to alleviate the suffering of the horse. Feather beds were placed in the stall for him to lie on when he no longer had the strength to stand, but all in vain, his time had come.

Traveller was buried in a box near the college campus and later the skeleton was taken up and sent to Rochester, New York where it was mounted, the expense being borne by Mr. Joseph Bryan of Richmond, Virginia. Today the mounted skeleton occupies a conspicious place in the Confederate Museum in the chapel of Washington and Lee University, near the office and class rooms where

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ROBERT E. LEE ON TRAVELLER

United Daughters of The Confederacy

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LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy:

The New Year bringing as always, a sense of adventure and a desire for achievement, will have begun.

When I think of the position to which you have elected me I am at once, proud and humble. Proud of the great honor, and humble with the thought of responsibility. My New Year's resolution was made at Hot Springs, to bring to this high office, the best efforts of which I am capable.

A friend asked if I had run on a platform, and if so, what were its planks. They are Economy, Efficiency, and Emphasis. Economy is most becoming to us in regard to the money spent for running expenses. It has been gathered by many small sums and represents time and work. Efficiency will be secured if each one realizes, and no one does more keenly than I, that this is truly no 'one woman job'. Under our plan of organization each officer and each committee has a definite line of work. The burden is thus equalized, each one has a part, and there is glory enough for all.

Economy and Efficiency being so understood, there remains Emphasis. What are we to emphasize? What but our society and our work? Our objectives are stated in our society of incorporation, and should be always in mind. If these are fully understood there will be no temptation to engage in outside work in the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The organization has become large and influential, because this is true, many projects, seek to enlist our name and help. These projects are often well worth while, but they are not ours as a help. Our individual members may, and do, work for many things in many clubs and committees, civic and local. There is a difference between local cooperation for a temporary object, such as a specific and seasonal charity for example, and official affiliation. We cannot properly pay dues, nor work under two general organizations. There are limits laid down in our stated objectives, but within those limits is ample scope for all of our time and energy.

We cannot emphasize our work if we know nothing of it. It is quite possible to know about something and yet feel no sympathy for it; but it is quite impossible to feel sympathy for something of which we are totally ignorant. A great source of information is our Southern Magazine. Each division has been asked to have at least ten percent of its members as subscribers to the magazine. How nearly does your state meet this?

As the years pass the work changes, not in its principles, which are to set history straight before the world, to preserve for the information and inspiration of our countrymen, the righteousness of our Confederate cause and the heroism which defend it; to protect and help those of our people who are in need and to strengthen the ties of friendship. It does change in its manner of expression as conditions change. In the early days there was so much of actual relief of suffering demanded, sick people to be tended, orphans to be cared for, helpless and untrained people to be trained and work found for them. The next period is best described as an era of monument building, those histories in marble and bronze which could be easily read by the most careless passers by. But now there are children to be educated, books to be written, records to be preserved. There are no hard and fast lines separating these works, for they have all always existed and have been given attention, some being uppermost at one time, some at another.

As your president general sees it the tasks at present are to put our society upon a business basis, to secure if possible, some fairly steady income, to foster no one work at the expense of another. For some years past we have devoted our energies to the raising of very large funds to such an extent that chapter enterprises have suffered. The local chapter is the initial unit. When it prospers the organization prospers, when it suffers, the organization suffers. For the present at least, no large projects will be undertaken, and the breathing spell so desired by the business men of the country, is hereby declared for local chapter and state work. Then let the chapters and states

work this year to complete all those projects which they have agreed to, and in which they wish to stand shoulder to shoulder with their sister states.

No phase of our work gives so certain a guarantee for our future as that among the children. Here is the place of primary importance for our Emphasis, of the things for which we stand.

So then, United Daughters of the Confederacy, let us take the high place which is ours in the life of our country today, and let us be sure we are worthy to fill it.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLOTTE OSBORNE WOODBURY
President General

WEST VIRGINIA

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT GENERAL VIRGINIA FAULKNER McSHEERY

Virginia Faulkner McSherry was born and reared at Boydville,, the historic old home erected by her grandfather General Elisha Boyd. She was the daughter of Charles James Faulkner and Mary Boyd, and was educated in the best school of Virginia and in Paris during her residence abroad with her father, who was Minister to France.

Mrs. McSherry was strong intellectually, enriched by the constant cultivation of those graces, which make for perfect womanhood. She had a gift of speech that gave forceful expression to her convictions. Therefore it is not surprising that she was a superior woman. She was thoughful, considerate and kindly, yet frank, fearless and firm. With these endowments, she was well fitted for leadership, leading without commanding.

Although she was prominent in every worthy undertaking, perhaps the great need of the Confederate soldier appealed to her heart the most. Why not? She was a soldier's daughter, her own father being attached to the staff of Stonewall Jackson, her brothers, Judge E. Boyd Faulkner and Senator Charles James Faulkner both distinguished themselves in the Confederate Army, and her husband. Dr. James W. McSherry rendered conspicuous service in the defense of the Confederacy. Loyalty to the Confederate cause was her watchword, no greater happiness was hers, than when laboring in its behalf.

MRS. R. RAYMOND WOOLF, PRESIDENT, WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION U. D. C., CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Upon the organization of the Berkeley County Chapter in 1895. She was elected its President and through her untiring and faithful services she remained in that office for twenty-one years, until her death.

Her ability as a presiding officer, her legal mind and her insight into the needs of the various departments of the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy brought her into more than local prominence. The Grand Division of West Virginia elected her President. At this time all the Chapters in our State were not in the General Division, sixteen chapters formed the Grand Division and four chapters were United Daughters of the Confederacy.

This unhappy division was abhorrent to Mrs. McSherry and she bent all her energies towards uniting all these chapters into the West Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. For this purpose, a Convention was held in Shepherdstown June 2, 1898, when Mrs. Mary Clarkson Langley was elected President of the whole consolidated Division. The next year at Wheeling, 1899, Mrs. McSheery was elected Division President which office she held for ten years, after having served two years before as President of the Grand Division.

Before many years she was recognized by the General Organization as a woman of unusual intellect and ability and was appointed by them to serve on many important Committees and was elected Corresponding Secretary General in 1901 and held that office for four years. Finally she was honored with the highest position in its power.

Mrs. McSherry was elected President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the Houston Convention in 1901.

In filling this great office she was just as charming, gracious and capable as she had been as a Chapter and Division President, she was gifted with the power of influencing all with whom she came in contact. She presided over the Convention at Little Rock, Arkansas in 1910 and at Richmond in 1911.

Her out-standing accomplishment as President General was the completion and the unveiling of the Soldier's Monument at Arlington, Virginia. Mrs. McSherry died in Martinsburg W. Va., Feb. 26, 1916 and is buried in Norbourne cemetery, Martinsburg.

West Virginia has given to the General Organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy two Presidents-General: Virginia Faulkner McSherry of Martinsburg and Amanda Austin Byrne of Charleston.

GEORGIA

An Executive Board Meeting of the Georgia Division was held in Thomson on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 21st. and 22nd., presided over by Mrs. Frank Dennis, Eatonton, Georgia, president of the Division. Ida Evans Eve Chapter members were hostesses.

Alfred Colquitt Chapter of Atlanta, Ga., entertained at dinner recently in honor of the Division President, Mrs. Frank Dennis. The International News Photo Service of Georgia released in its pictures of the week, four guests of honor, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Belmont Dennis, Covington; A. L. Henson, Veterans Service Office and Luke Arnold, seated at dinner table.

The Covington Chapter U. D. C. met at the home of Mrs. N. S. Turner, Jr., with Mesdames J. S. Gardner, Mrs. Thomas Combs, Mrs. I. R. Reinwater, Mrs. E. S. Stevens, joint hostesses, Januay 21st. The home was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. In absence of president, Mrs. W. Trox Blankston, the meeting was presided over by First Vice-president, Mrs. R. E. Everitt. Mrs. R. H. Patterson reported her visit to Soldier's Home accomanied by Mrs. Blankston and Mrs. Bolton. Forty-eight stands of jelly and preserves were carried to the home. Pictures of Southern Heroes were reported placed in Rhodes Memorial Hall. The subject of the program was Southern Heroes Whose Birth Occured in January.

The Quitman Chapter has sent in club of five members through Mrs. Tillman.

* * * *

DIVISIONS SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED DEC. 15, 1935,TO JAN. 1st. 1936

Alabama 34, exceeded 10 per cent quota; Arkansas 6, exceeded 10 per cent quota, California 6 exceeded 10 per cent quota, Connecticut 1, Dist. Columbia 3, Florida 32, exceeded 10 per cent quota, Georgia 11, Illinois 1, Kentucky 17, Louisiana 2, Maryland 1, Montana 1, Missouri 68, exceeded 10 per cent quota, Mississippi 14, North Carolina 38, New York 10, New Jersey 6, exceeded 10 per cent quota, Ohio 5, Oklahoma 10, Pennsylvania 9, South Carolina 8, Texas 11, Tennessee 36, Utah 5, exceeded 10 per cent quota, Virginia 75, West Virginia 17, Washington 1, exceded 10 per cent quota.

Club plan of five subscriptions for $5.00 will be extended to March 30th. by request of Miss Anne V. Mann, General Chairman of subscription work, for The Southern Magazine.

* * * *

VIRGINIA

RICHMOND

Chapters large and small over the state of Virginia held appropriate exercises on the Anniversary of the Birth of General Robert E. Lee. Among the most impressive were the services held in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Richmond, Sunday evening, January 19th., sponsored by all the chapters of United Daughters in the city and conducted by Dr. A. B. Kingsolving, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Baltimore, Md.

* * * *

PETERSBURG

Only five members of A. P. Hill Camp, United Confederate Veterans, were present at the annual banquet given in the Grays Armory in honor of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee. These were: General Homer Atkinson, Captain Carter Bishop, John A. Mallor, Selwyn Seay and W. J. Mannery.

The banquet, which is the climax of the celebrations of the national day of the distinguished Virginian was given by A. P. Hill Camp, Sons of Veterans, assisted by the Petersburg Chapter U. D. C. Mrs. A. L. Davis was in charge of the preparations and Mrs. J. J. Nelms provided the decorations and Mrs. Harvey Seward was in charge of the tables.

General Homer Atkinson presided over the meeting.

Mrs. Fletcher J. Wright, chairman of the music of the Petersburg Chapter, U. D. C., was accompanist for Miss Garrett, who effectively rendered several of the old songs ending with "Dixie."

A pleasing innovation was when the Petersburg Grays, under the command of Lieutenant Richard H. Ryan, entered the hall and saluted A. P. Hill Camp. As they did so Lieutenant Ryan said: "The soldiers of today salute the soldiers of yesterday and pay their tribute to General Robert E. Lee."

This morning Mrs. Alice V. D. Pierrepont, historian of the Petersburg Chapter, U. D. C., gave a program at the assembly hour of the Petersburg High School, Mrs. Cabell Smith of Hopewell being the speaker of the occasion.

* * * *

NORFOLK

The memory of three Southern heroes was honored by Hope-Maury Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy, at the annual Robert E. Lee reception at the home of the chapter president, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, on Westover avenue. The reception, arranged in honor of E. W. Wilcox, a Confederate veteran, who recently observed his 101st birthday, honored General Lee, whose birthday is today; "Stonewall" Jackson, General Lee's "right hand man" to use his own words, and Commodore Matthew Fountain Maury. Their special guests were two Confederate veterans, T. N. Mayo, and J. E. Matthews and Judge E. B. Wilcox.

The program was arranged by and presided over by Mrs. Phillip Godwin, historian of the chapter, following a greeting by Mrs. Walke. Three papers on the lives, activities and accomplishments of the three famous Southerners were read.

There was a lighted candle for each warrior and as the roll was called Mrs. Lottie Scott blew out the candles.

Mrs. Godwin paid high tribute to Mrs. Walke; who has been the chapter's president since it was organized in 1904.

Pickett-Buchanan Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy, observed the birthday anniversaries of Generals Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson with a memorial service at Christ and St. Luke's Church. Evening prayer was conducted by the rector, the Rev. Taylor Willis, Delamater Davis delivered the memorial address. The program included a reading of the poem, "The Sword of Robert Lee," by the Rev. Thomas A. Smoot, D. D., and the ritual of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Willam Freeman, historian of the chapter, is chairman of the committee that arranged the service, and the other members were Mrs. Delamater Davis, Mrs. Norman Slack, Mrs. David George and Miss Virgie Leggett.

Mrs. F. P. Harriss is president of the chapter, and other officers are Miss Humphrys, Mrs. Delamater Davis and Mrs. John H. Carter, vice-president; Mrs. John E. Johnson, recording secretary; Mrs. C. L. Candler, corresponding secretary; Mrs. W. R. L. Taylor, treasurer; Mrs. William Freeman, historian; Mrs. William H. Mattews, recorder of the crosses; Mrs. Ira White, registrar, and Mrs. T. A. Browne, custodian.

On the evening of Dec. 5-6th. in City Auditorium, a Religious Opera Drama was presented. Act 3 was a presentation of the South in Song and Story which beautifully carried out under the direction of Mrs. William Freeman, chapter historian.

* * * *

MARION

The Holston Chapter with Mrs. E. P. Elles, president gave a Tea at Hotel Lincoln, on evening of January 22nd. Beautiful effect was carried out in shaded lights and decorations of flags and roses. A musical program was

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SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

W. SCOTT HANCOCK, Commander-in-Chief
Central Nat. Bank Bldg, St. Louis, Mo.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Adjutant-in-Chief
Law Bldg. Richmond, Va.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, LAW BUILDING
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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Fred L. Niemeyer, Pierce Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., Inspector-in-Chief
Dr. R. L. Mason, Roanoke, Va., ...Surgeon-in-Chief
W. E. McIntosh, New Jefferson Hotel, Tulsa, Okla., Comissary-in-Chief
Rt. Rev. Joseph D. Mitchell, 306 W. Broad St., Savannah, Ga., Pub. Director-in-Chief
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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Joseph D. Mitchell, Editor, 306 W. Broad Street, Savannah, Georgia

OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

At the annual Convention and Reunion last September in Amarillo, Texas, our Commander Walter Scott Hancock was unanimously elected Commander-in-chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

With due consideration of his personal feelings, and knowing his reluctance for undue publicity, we feel that our readers should know and realize what a splendid representative our organization has to direct its affairs during the current year.

For nearly forty years Mr. Hancock has been an outstanding lawyer is St. Louis, being admitted to the bar in February, 1897. He was born in Franklin County, Virginia, November 19, 1869, and is a son of Abram Booth Hancock and Martha Elizabeth Walker, both of Virginia.

His father, Abram Booth Hancock, entered the Confederate Army at the outbreak of the War between the States, serving as colonel of militia, stationed at Norfolk. In 1862 he enlisted in Company "E", 57th Virginia Regiment, under Colonel Lewis A. Armstead, in General George H. Stewart's Brigade. He was captured at the Battle of Five Forks, imprisoned at Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, until the close of the war, returning to his home in Franklin where he resided until his death in 1903.

Walter Scott Hancock, our Commander-in-Chief, was educated in the public schools of Franklin County and afterwards entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington in 1886 and graduated in 1890. He took a special course at Hampton-Smith College and studied law at Roanoke, Virginia, and a special law course later at the University of Virginia and was admitted to the Virginia bar in 1896. He moved to St. Louis in January, 1897 and in 1900 was elected Assistant Circuit Attorney of St. Louis.

In the Spanish-American War Mr. Hancock was Lieutenant in Company K 6th Missouri Volunteers. After the Spanish War he served for a time as First Lieutenant of Company B, First Regiment, National Guard of Missouri.

During the World War he served as associate member, Legal Advisory Board and was also active in support of the Red Cross and Liberty Loan Drives and a member of the Boy Scout Council of St. Louis.

Mr. Hancock is a loyal member of the Presbyterian Church, but like all big men he is devoted to religion wherever he finds sincerity and honesty. To Catholic, Jew and Protestant he is the same—a splendid type of the Southern gentleman.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans are fortunate in having such an outstanding example of the best in Southern tradition as their leader.

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JACKSON'S MILL

(Continued from page 1)

vesper hour on one of the hill tops where their hearts are attuned to the heart of the psalmist when he said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength." Later they sing and play around a council fire, and many evenings "Marse Jackson" comes back to be one of them in drama, song or story.

The leaders of the 4-H Clubs, then the fathers and mothers in the farm women's camps and farmers' camps, come week after week all summer. Short week-end camps of church groups meet frequently at Jackson's Mill and the largest "family reunion" held there each year is that of the Jackson family.

A "Country Life Jubilee" in the fall is the climax of the year's program, when as many as 5,000 rural folk in one day come together really in the spirit of jubilee, compete in exhibits of farm and home products, drama contests, baseball games, demonstrations of improved farm and home practices, style shows, sheep shows, livestock judging, music and pageantry.

What more fitting memorial could any man wish than this living, growing one to Stonewall Jackson?

West Virginians are very proud of Jackson's Mill. It is the only State 4-H Camp of its kind in the world. West Virginia had the first county 4-H Camp in the world 1915, built the first state 4-H camp in 1921 and each year the real contribution of this training center to the community life of rural West Virginia is more evident and more appreciated as the rural citizens of the state join with the boys and girls of the 4-H clubs all over our nation in pledging:

"My Head to clearer thinking,
My Heart to greater loyalty,
My Hands to larger service,
My Health to better living,
For my club, my community and my country."

Old Rehoboth---The Log Meeting House

(Continued from page 6)

cracks between the logs are daubed with hair and plaster. The batten door is hinged by means of holes in the ends of braces which fit over an upstanding sapling on the inner edge of the door, whittled down to turn within the aforementioned holes. The key, the wide low door, and the fastener all cleverly contrived so that with the aid of a raw hide latch string inside it all works very satisfactorily.

The meeting house is built of logs "hewn only on the inside", with a gallery around the interior, save over the pulpit. It is broad enough to seat nearly as many as the room below. There are two small windows and one very low, wide door. The builders seemed more concerned to keep out the death dealing arrows of the Indians than to let in air or light. The "Amen" corners on each side of the pulpit have two puncheon seats and just in front of the communion table is one long, backless puncheon seat, the mourners' bench. All the seats in the building are of this type.

Just in front of the rough board pulpit stands the communion table, made of poplar, a crude oddly constructed, unfinished, unpainted, battered example of the joiners art made sacred and precious and holy by its history. On it now is a bronze tablet with this inscription; "The original Communion Table from which Bishop Asbury and other pioneer preachers administered and partook of the Lord's Supper."

Within the building there is no means of heating. In the summer of 1927 when necessary work was being done preparatory to re-opening the "Log Meeting House" a spot on the ground, bare of grass, was discovered. Upon investigation there were found evidence that substantiated a tradition of the section, that it was the custom of the pioneers to gather around a huge wood fire and warm themselves between the various and many long sermons that made up the all day church service.

The Centennial of the Old Church was observed July 20, 1884. On August 28, 1927 after a careful and painstaking restoration of the loved and revered old Log Church, an all day meeting was held at which the minister said "We do not come to rededicate this ancient, re-opened Church, that was done years ago, but, in its sacred presence to rededicate ourselves to the service of the same God who accompanied the sturdy pioneers into a strange, danger infested frontier land." On June 12, 1932 another special service was held at which a bronze tablet on the front wall of the venerable building was unveiled by a great, great, great, granddaughter of the founder and promoter of the Log Meeting House, Old Rehoboth. The inscription on this tablet reads;

Rehoboth
Oldest Church Building
West of the Alleghany Mountains
Society of Methodism Organized
1784
First Bishop of Methodism
Francis Asbury
Was present at the rising of the Church
1785
Dedicated this Log Meeting House
1786
and Held three Annual Conferences in
May 1792, 1793, 1796
The Church was built chiefly by the
Means of and through the Industry of
Edward Keenan
Who Deeded for Church and
Burying grounds, Five Acres for
"As Long as Grass Grows and Water Flows"
Restored in 1927 under the supervision of
Reverend George W. Richardson
Presiding Elder
August 31, 1930

Edward Keenan and his wife Elinor Donally Keenan, by his own request are buried at the North East corner of the Old church and his son Samuel Keenan by his request is buried at the South East corner. Samuel in all things followed closely in his father's footsteps.

Just a short distance away in the enclosed churchyard stands the "New Rehoboth" built in 1877, mostly through the efforts of the son, Samuel Keenan. The minister at Union has charge of the Log Meeting House and occasionally holds service, with, usually at some time during the summer, a special service to which large crowds come.

If the building is to be preserved to posterity it will be necessary to erect a sort of Tabernacle or covering to save it from the ravages of time and tempest. Since this is one of the most outstanding historical spots of American Methodistism some further steps, no doubt will be taken to care for it as it deserves.

The Principles for Which West Virginia Contended

(Continued from page 5)

ballot-box declared that, so far as they were concerned, the government created by the compact should cease to exist. In this they merely asserted a right which the Declaration of Independence of 1776 had defined to be inalienable. Of the time and occasion for its exercise, they as Sovereigns were final judges, each for itself."

When the States withdrew from the Union it was with no idea of war, but they were acting within the rights given them by the Constitution.

Virginia did not secede until Lincoln called on her to furnish her quota of the 75,000 men to fight against her sister States. She decided if she must fight it would be with and not against her sister States.

Hollis in his book "The American Heresy" says that in 1828 the right of secession was taken for granted everywhere.

In his life of Webster, Henry Cabot Lodge says: "When the Constitution was adopted by votes of the States at Philadelphia and accepted by the votes of the States in popular Convention, it was safe to say there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States and from which each and every State had the right to peacefully withdraw. A right which was very likely to be exercised."

Horace Greely, in the New York Tribune of November 9, 1860, said, "If the cotton States shall decide they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless, and we do not see how one party can have a right to do what another party has a right to prevent. We must ever resist the asserted right of any State to remain in the Union and nullify or destroy the laws thereof: to withdraw from the Union is quite another matter."

This was the position of Jefferson Davis. The South did not stand for nullification, but did exercise the right to withdraw from the Union.

The pendelum has swung back and the fundamental principles for which the South fought have been re-established and are now recognized almost universally.

West Virginia From Colonial Times

(Continued from page 3)

The part played in the French and Indian Wars and the Revolution by men from Transylvania was in no sense small. The authentic stories of the mountaineers and officers who at that time or later were citizens of this State make a gripping and important record of that trying but glorious history of our country. Generals William Darke, Charles Lee, Horatio Gates, Daniel Morgan, and Adam Stephen; Colonels Hugh Stephenson, John Stuart, Andrew Donnally, Arbuckle, Matthews; Captains David Shepherd, Daniel Bedinger, William Crawford, George Jackson, Isaac Booth, John Evans and many other officers who lead the brave and faithful soldiers of Revolutionary times, make up a vivid and colorful history of Western Virginia. This section might well be called the Fourteenth Colony. Men from the entire region were on every battlefield. There are more graves of Revolutionary soldiers in West Virginia, so it is said, than in any State except the original thirteen colonies.

In the War Between the States there was much of tragedy and sorrow. Torn and bleeding from internal trouble which caused division and bitterness with its families and government, this land occupied a peculiarly trying position. Geographically, a border state, it suffered and underwent harrowing experiences no less difficult than those states making up the Confederacy. As in all previous wars men and women did their part and stood by principle and truth, as they saw it, to the bitter end. The part played by those in sympathy with the South contributed loyal services for the defense of "States Rights" that is a heritage to be cherished and worthy of pride. Just as West Virginia claims the first battle of the Revolution,—Point Pleasant—and the last at Fort Henry, so she claims that Phillipi was the first land battle of the War Between the States and that on her soil fell, killed in action, General Garnett, the first officer of the Southern Army to meet death in the pursuit of duty.

West Virginia is proud of her native son, General Stonewall Jackson. No less appreciated are the services of General Albert Gallatin Jenkins, Generals McCausland, Imboden, Floyd and the many gallant officers and soldiers who were born on West Virginia soil. Not unmindful is she of the sacrifice, help and comfort gladly given by the women of the sixties.

With all the beauty, ruggedness and grandeur of her scenery, with all the richness of tradition and history of her fine people, with all the wealth of her natural resources, West Virginia must realize "the responsibility of tomorrow rests in her own hands." Looking backward we believe in the adventures of the past. Looking forward today and tomorrow is just as thrilling. "Let us not lightly cast aside anything that belongs to the past —for only with the past can we rear the fabric of the future."

Revolutionary Officers of West Virginia

(Continued from page 15)

second Company of Virginia and the third one, was from Maryland. (Drapers has an account of Morgan's march, which is printed in Historic Shepherdstown).

Soon after reaching Boston, Morgan and his men were ordered to join Montgomery and continue marching to Quebec. Montgomery lost his life there and Morgan and his men did marvelous fighting. However, he was forced to surrender and was a prisoner for many months before he was exchanged. He was given a Colonel's commission and was ordered to join General Gates in New York State. It is said he had a great deal to do with the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, and from that time he was much praised and soon thereafter was made a Brigadier-General and joined Washington's command at Philadelphia.

Morgan had now become a popular idol and one of the most noted Generals in the army. He was sent to North Carolina where he defeated General Tarleton, this General said of Morgan "He is a skilled soldier". Morgan returned from there on a furlough, but was soon called upon to take command of a company and surprise a company of Tories. Insurrection had arisen in Hardy County, led by John Claypool. This insurrection was soon crushed and Morgan persuaded many of the insurgents to join the army and go to Yorktown to help defeat Cornwallis.

Gen. Morgan possessed much land, judging from his Will, he owned a house in Winchester, before he built "Saratoga", this latter home was named for the famous battle where he gained so much distinction. "Saratoga" is near Boyce, Virginia, is an extremely fine old stone house, with wide halls and many rooms, also a great banquet room, the woodwork is quite fine and the doors massive, it was completed about 1782. It is said that the Hessian prisoners were employed to quarry the stone for this mansion, and some of them were the locksmiths and some did portions of the woodwork. This house is now owned by Mr. Powell Page.

Gen. Morgan had charge of the Hessian prisoners confined at Winchester, after the Revolution. He felt so sorry for them, being cooped up in miserable huts, he ordered them to build barricks for themselves, which would eliminate crowding, and he also gave them plenty of work to do, such as working the roads about Winchester, and they were much happier busy than loafing.

Daniel Morgan married Abligail Bailey, she and two daughters survived him. I can find no record of there having been any other children. He provided well for his heirs. He left "Saratoga" to his daughter Betsy Heard, wife of James Heard. His will is in the Court House at Winchester and he mentions his grandchildren in it namely Matilda Heard, Nancy Morgan Heard, Daniel Morgan Heard and Augusta Morgan Heard. Their father Colonel James Heard was a man of prominence, they appeared to have left Virginia and gone to live in Kentucky. Gen. Morgan provided well for his wife also for his daughter Nancy Neville, wife of Pressley Neville, to the latter, he left his lands in the Northwest Territory.

General Daniel Morgan died in Winchester, at the home of his daughter Mrs. Heard July 6, 1802, he was buried in the old Presbyterian Church yard, and over his grave was placed a large marble slab with inscription. During the "War between the States", the Northern soldiers desecrated this tomb, by breaking off pieces of marble and cracked the stone. In 1863, someone from New Jersey tried to remove the marble slab and the remains to New Jersey, one man of the party said, "It was a shame for such a hero to remain in Virginia." Some of the Virginia citizens hid the slab and disinterred the remains and buried him in Mt. Hebron cemetery. After the war, the slab was placed over his grave there, and many tourists visit Mt. Hebron annually.

Gen. Morgan drank wine and swore, but he was not coarse, he was a Christian man, always prayed before every battle and was a gallant soldier. Peterson compares him to Marshalls Ney, Murat and McDonald. He says that while Morgan was reckless in early youth, it was pure animal spirits. His soldiers and many friends adored him because he was so human.

A Southern Girl's Shopping Trip

(Continued from page 16)

through the Yankee picket lines, just five hundred dollars in gold coins. Between the two, the possible cost of the intended purchases were computed, and just that much gold was cut out of the muslin belt.

The shopping trip was made, and with evening coming on, Ellie decided to spend that night in Boonsborough, arise early and start for home the next morning, with her purchases. She packed her knitting bag and made all ready for her early start, on her return trip.

Now supplies, clothing, foodstuffs of all kinds were contraband at this stage of the "War Between the States," and all Union soldiers had the authority, to search and confiscate all goods coming under that head, The next morning, both girls arose early, After a hasty breakfast, with a long lingering hug from Callie, Ellie mounted Pony for her long perilous journey home.

Waving a last goodby from the street corner as she turned on the road to Shepherdstown, Ellie breathed a prayer to the Unseen Protector of all, and settled herself more comfortably on her old side saddle. Her trip was uneventful for several miles. Riding slowly for reasons best known to herself, she neared Douglas Hill the final approach to the bridge, where she hoped against hope to encounter the same brown eyed lieutenant, who had aided her the day before. Yes, she remembered the color of his eyes, and in the palm of her hand. she carried that precious pass, which he had given to her. As she decended Douglas Hill. she beheld, just what she had feared, several Yankee pickets. Without faltering she rode forward and drew rein. She was halted and asked several questions. The note which Callie had written to her mother, stating she was better and honed to see her before long, was read carefully and because of its brevity, suspicion was aroused

that it might be a "code" note. Her knitting bag was emptied by the soldiers and the bread and jelly was eaten, while the first one continued his quizzing. Then came the dreaded command to get off her horse. "Oh God she breathed, please help me." She explained that her ankle was injured and would he please lead her horse to the nearby fence and hold him still, while she dismounted, he looked searchingly at her, but she seemed sincerely distressed (was she?) so he took her horse and led him to the fence, and held his hand firmly against his flanks. while she slowly got down, but oh, so cautiously, apparently shielding her crippled ankle, and limping very perceptibly as she stepped to one side.

He paid little attention, but removed her saddle and searched carefully for a note or something else, he found nothing. then he commanded her to remove her shoes and stockings and turn them wrong side out. In confusion she removed one shoe and stocking then asked permission to replace same before removing the other, which was granted. and no note or money were found, only darns and —oh, yes a few holes Much to the amused eyes looking on, her face was red, but in her own eyes was a glint of steel. She had not had to submit to this indignity, going over, although she had worn those stockings for a purpose and the two holes had appeared since donning them.

Now, what next: She thought she had carefully related every detail of her trip to him (nearly every detail), yet he seemed to still hesitate. Just as he was about to refuse to let her pass, she sensed his decision, and then she thought of her note from the brown eyed lieutenant. Yes, she remembered the color of his eyes. She said, "Oh, here please read this note, I forgot I had it." He unfolded it and read it slowly, then he said, "Well, this is no good, this man has gone from here, but it does show me, you are telling me the truth, so I will let you through this time. But these days are not visiting days, and for your future safety, I would advise you to stay at home." Oh, thank you sir, she replied, almost weeping from nervousness, and now the agony of that re-mounting, would she, could she, accomplish it safely?.

Without another word she began to slowly climb the fence, apparently shielding her crippled ankle most painstakingly. He held her horse very still, standing on the opposite side, so that he could not see how carefully she mounted, and how slowly she arranged the folds of her skirt, pushed gently on the hoops, leaning carefully. She placed her hand on the pommel of her saddle, lifted her knee just enough to put it over the pommel of her saddle, with a slight twist and was firmly seated.

Humbly she said, "Thank you sir, for so kindly helping me on, and allowing me to pass" then she jerked the bridle rein and headed "Pony" over the bridge. Comfortable; not a bit, with all that hunk twisted between her and the saddle.

On the Virginia side of the river, the picket merely saluted as she passed as they had seen the performance across the bridge and knew she need not be stopped for further questioning. Now over the hill and out of sight, she raised in her saddle and made several adjustments. then urging "Pony" into a brisk trot, then a gallop, she soon covered the next five miles, and reached home, safe at last.

Her father, mother and sister hailed her with great joy and thanksgiving, and a few nights later, her Major brother, John, returned for the purchases, she had made for him, and carried them up the Shenandoah Valley, where his command was then stationed.

A month or two later, General Rosser was married, wearing a Confederate grey broadcloth suit, made from the very same cloth purchased in Boonsborough, Maryland. This cloth, was smuggled through the Yankee lines, during a time of blockade all twined in the hoops of brave Southern girl, Sarah Ellen Knott, and with it was the lining, spools of thread and buttons.

The attire of modern horseback riding are far removed from that day and age, but both hoops and hoop-skirts, were fashionable and effective, in more than just this particular one, in the Sixties.

This is a true story retold by Nelle Hendricks Moler, Shepherdstown, West Virginia.

Major-Gen'l Frank M. Ironmonger

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in demand and willing to serve the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

A few years ago the Florida Division U. D. C., after thorough research and verification of records, presented to Major-General Ironmonger, a beautiful gold medal in testimony of his service as the youngest soldier in the Confederate States Army, which he very proudly wears.

Regarding the proposed joint reunion of the U. C. V. and the G. A. R. at Gettysburg, Major-General Ironmonger says: "Never will I attend a reunion, national or otherwise, where the Confederate flag has to be furled with crepe around it—so to speak. If we cannot march and carry our flag on an equal footing, we had better keep away. Shall I attend such a reunion, I'll have to think it over—and besides, Gettysburg is a long journey from Jacksonville."

Interview by Rose Shepherd, Florida Correspondent "SOUTHERN MAGAZINE", December 9, 1935.

Simpson Creek Baptist Church

(Continued from page 10)

four brethern were appointed to investigate the matter.

A little over a hundred years ago a breach of promise suit was tried. A letter was presented informing the body of a report in circulation that Brother G—— had promised to marry Sister B—— and had failed to do so. This report, according to Sister B——, was true. Brother G. was "cited to attend the next meeting" and a committee was sent to inquire into the state of affairs. Investigation satisfied the members that Brother G—— was justified in his actions.

Most spectacular of the church trials was the witchcraft trails of Rhode Ward in 1787. Remote as it seems from our present state of intellectual advancement, it has been less than a century and a half since these church members accused one of their group of being a witch and spitting crooked

pins. The testimony as she wrote it in the church records follow:

"This may certify to all whom it may concern that the following I deliver as truth as I expect to answer it at the great day of judgement. At a time when I lay sick of the chickenpox, it appeared to me that Sarah Ray, or something like her came to me with a small bag of pins which I saw sticking through. She told me that if I told of her she would kill me, if not, she would never trouble me no more. The same day, or perhaps the next day, I know not which, Elizabeth Stout showed me some crooked pins which she said I spewed up. If I did, I know it not, through it might be the case. And if the pins had not bain showed me and I bain told that I spewed them up, I should have thought that the above had bain a fiction proceeding from my being lightheaded with the fever. But this I know, that my throat was very sore and that I spit blood the next day.

(signed) RHODA WARD"

Mary Smith, a member, testified:

"I saw her spew up one or two pins that was crooked, and there were others laying on the floor; I expect she spewed up before I noticed her."

Another case of witchraft was tried in 1799. Excommunication was advocated in each instance, but the final outcomes were not recorded.

Beginning about 1830 and continuing through the next two decades, many letters of dismissal were granted as the great westward movement was in progress and those of adventurous spirits were blazing new trails.

During the years of the War of the 60's meetings were infrequent but there was little dissention in the church ranks because of political disagreement.

Many times appreciation of the beautiful and the cultural crept into the first records, showing that these rugged pioneers were not blind to all besides securing a living. That they were keenly aware of the beauties of life is proven by the flowery language and the allegory. In 1780 the clerk tells how the kingdom of Satan is being subdued and God, by constantly watering his garden is bringing forth the flowers of a new civilization.

During those years of apparent hardships the minutes of many meetings would conclude: "We bless God that we are at peace and in love among ourselves and adjourn."

The Friday before quarterly meeting was set aside in 1795 for a day of fasting and public worship, and the custom was continued for a number of years.

The material side was always before them, of necessity. A part of the church work was given over to taking care of that necessity.

In 1782 the members provided for the "maintenance of a store, each member furnishing one paloon of deer skins or the value thereof." Provisions was made for the most impoverished members to be excused and for firewood to be gathered for them.

A fund for the poor was established in 1814. It was agreed that "each member may contribute something as the Lord may put into his heart to give, in money or other things that he can spare."

Treasurer notes at about this time show that the members regular monthly contributions varied from six and one-fourth to twelve and one-half cents.

The first money was contributed for missions in 1838.

In 1859 it was moved to pay the minister, the Rev. Benjamin Holden, the sum of fifty dollars to labor for twelve months. Twenty-five dollars was to be paid at the end of the first six months and the rest at the end of the year.

The more recent history of the institution has been marked by steady growth and increasing power rather than by any spectacular occurrences. Steeped in the romance of one hundred and sixty-four years, and marked by the historic eras through which it has passed, the Simpson Creek Baptist Church stands as a living monument to the faith of our fathers.

Old Homes of West Virginia

(Continued from page 19)

her feet, with an expression of mingled hope and fear. The messenger came into view, she saw that he was waiving a letter in his hand as he urged his horse to greater speed. He leaped from his horse and up the broad walk he came to her.

My grandmother met him at the door, he handed her a telegram, which she quickly tore open. It was a brief message of only a very few words but it had the potency of a kingly command. It read "The property of Charles James Faulkner is exempt from the orders of General Daniel S. Hunter for the burning of the homes of three prominent citizens of the Shenandoah Valley, in retaliation for the burning of Governor Bradford's home in Maryland by the Confederate forces." Signed

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

My grandmother handed the telegram to Capt. Guy Martindale, he read it and raised his cap in salutation, turning to his men, he gave the orders which put them in their saddles, and in a moment more they were gone, clattering down the driveway to their camp.

HARPER'S FERRY

(Continued from page 9)

the fire slackened. Lawton and Jones had closed up near enough to hear the voices of the Federals. Jackson then ordered the charge of all infantry. The Federal gunners in a last desperate effort to stop the charge, ran their guns out again, but too late, as all the Confederate guns opened front, flank and rear, firing over the heads of the infantry, completely silencing their opponents. At 7:30 A. M. September 15th, 1862, a white flag appeared, and Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas of Jackson's Staff, was to ascertain their purpose, meeting General White and telling him his mission. General Hill just then came up, who suggested they be conducted to Jackson, who was on the Charles Town road, near a church. Liberal terms were granted, and Hill was left to close up the surrender. Jackson, with the loss of about 100 men, had captured 12,520 prisoners, 13,000 small arms, 73 pieces of artillery and several hundred wagons. Jackson reported to Lee on the Antietam creek of his success, and was instructed to move his command to join Lee at Sharpsburg.

West Va. Battles During 1861-65

(Continued from page 28)

tained most of the officers of Mulligan's command.

Arriving at the Northwest grade, Gen. Jones divided his forces, when Colonel A. M. Harmon with his Regiment, the 12th Virginia, the 1st Maryland and the McNeill Rangers were sent to burn the bridge at Oakland and then to march by way of Kingwood to Morgantown. The remainder of the force moved on to Rowelsburg.

Colonel Harmon's force reached Oakland the next day and made a charge on the town and took forty prisoners. That night he encamped on Cheat river and the next morning advanced on Morgantown. Several miles out a number of the citizens with rifles had assembled, determined to dispute the entrance of the Confederate Army into their town. Feeling that an attack would cause an unnecessary loss if life, Colonel Harmon sent Capt. Bond forward with a flag of truce, demanding their surrender. After some hesitation, this command was complied with and the Army entered the town, and all arms found were taken or destroyed. Colonel Harmon joined the advance and the entire command moved on to an opposite side of the river and encamped. Here they were joined by Gen. Jones and the rest of his command and the entire force moved on to Fairmont.

On the 29th, they arrived there, where a garrison of the enemy of about 300 cavalry, Company E was dismounted and fought as infantry and a fierce battle followed which resulted in the surrender of the garrison. The following day Major Brown charged into Bridgeport and captured both infantry and cavalry—one company each.

Gen. Jones then proceeded by easy stages to Buchannon, where the severe wound received by Major Brown at Green Gap became so much worse, he was ordered to return home. Until this time this brave man suffered and refused to leave his command.

At Weston, the command rested for two days, then moved on to Oiltown where it arrived May 9th. There they burned all the oil tanks. From here they marched by way of Glenville and Sutton to Summerville and thence homeward by easy stages back to Harrisonburg in the Valley of Virginia.

In thirty days General Jones' command had marched seven hundred miles through an ardous mountain country and gathered subsistances for both men and horses, killed thirty of the enemy and wounded many more and captured seven hundred prisoners and many arms with one piece of artillery, two trains of cars, burned sixteen railroad bridges, one hundred and fifty thousand barrels of oil and brought back home with him one thousand head of cattle and twelve hundred horses, losing in the meantime ten killed and forty-two wounded.

Upon their return to the Valley Gen. Jones' entire force both men and horses were much broken down and a complete rest was ordered to be ready for the summer campaign.

The above account is the only time the Confederate Army was ever far West in our State and the only skirmishes in this part of our State.

The State Road Commission has promised to place a Marker on the dividing line of Marion and Monongalia Counties, stating the line of march of General Jones' Army through this section.

Governor Joseph Johnson

(Continued from page 17)

between them before the end of the journey. When the governor prepared to leave the train at his destination, he shook hands with his acquaintance and said: "It has indeed been enlightening to meet you. The next time you are in Richmond, come to the gubernatorial mansion and be my guest. My name is Johnson."

A Jacksonian Democrat, Governor Johnson believed that the states gave the power to the central government. He believed that his allegiance was due first to his state and consequently identified himself with the Southern cause. In 1861 he was one of the presidential electors who cast the vote for Jefferson Davis.

"At the beginning of hostilities," writes his son-in-law, John A. English, "that part of Virginia in which Governor Johnson lived (the northwestern) was over-run by the federal troops. As they came in he was induced by the urgent advice of friends to leave his home in charge of his single daughter and cross the mountains with the regiments that volunteered to join the Confederates, and spent most of the four years in the valley of Virginia, thus escaping murder—or the more refined cruelties of Camp Chase. Governor Johnson had put but a few miles between himself and his home before it was surrounded by a rabid soldiery, who hissed and hurled their curses at his daughter when they found their intended prey had eluded them."

He returned to Bridgeport at the end of the war. Now eighty years old he had definately retired from politics. His only active interest was in the upbuilding of the earliest church of his state, the Simpson Creek Baptist Church, of Bridgeport, to which he belonged.

He entertained friends and neighbors in his home constantly and was able at the age of eighty-three to travel to Arkansas and at ninety-three to Baltimore to visit members of the family. Having been personally acquainted with presidents from Jefferson to Grant, and having served in Congress with Adams, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln and Johnson, he was a most entertaining conversationalist upon a wide range of subjects, and it was said to be especially enjoyable to hear him delineate the characters of these outstanding statesmen.

A distinguished "traveler from another state" who visited him late in life, described his visit in a letter to the Religious Herald said: "In all my travels in both hemispheres, I have seldom met a person so easy in all his manners as Governor Johnson."

In his last hours which came during his ninety-second year, "the Governor," as his neighbors affectionately called him, requested physicians not to give him medicine to dull his pains, for he wanted his senses clear to enjoy the approach of death.

The text appropriately selected for his funeral sermon was: I Samuel 2, 30; "Them that honor me, will I honor."

United Daughters of Confederacy

(Continued from page 39)

renderd intersperced with readings. The guest speaker of the afternoon was Miss Claudia Hagy, Editor of The Southern Magazine. A large number were present to enjoy the occasion.

BRISTOL

A social affair of unusual interest was a dinner party tendered by Mrs. J. F. Howell in honor of the 90th birthday of her husband, Dr. J. F. Howell. It was in the private dining room of Hotel Bristol where some of the intimate friends of Dr. Howell were assembled around a perfectly appointed table, where a delicious dinner was served.

The place cards were photographs of Dr. Howell taken in the uniform of a Confederate soldier.

Yellow chrysanthemums and a gift bouquet of roses adorned the table and the beautifully decorated birthday cake lighted with candles was surrounded by miniature soldiers. The cake and the attractive place cards were the work of Mrs. Ernest Dickey.

Mrs. H. F. Lewis, Hon. President of Virginia Daughters of Confederacy spoke of her appreciation of the work he had done for the Confederate Soldiers, and of him as a man, an honest, educated, christian, gentleman.

The guest list included Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lewis, Hugh Powers, Dr. and Mrs. J. Emerson Hicks, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Noffsinger, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sheen, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bramm, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rouse, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dickey, T. F. Smith, Tom Smith, Jr.

* * * *

NORTH CAROLINA

The Gen. J. J. Pettigrew Chapter at the State Capitol, observed Lee's birthday with great activity. The celebration began with a Chapter meeting at the home of Mrs. John H. Anderson, Chapter Historian. Mrs. Williams, President, presiding. The Hon. W. A. Devin of the Supreme Court of N. C., delivered a very wonderful address on Gen. Lee, listened to with rapt attention by the large assembly. A musical program of old Southern melodies, played by Miss Carrie M. Jackson of Pittsboro, with Mesdames Cornick and Denmark giving Confederate songs, the audience joined in the chorus of each. The young singers were dressed in original costumes of the 60's. Many State officials were among the guests.

This was one of the most outstanding of the Chapter's meetings. The Chapter Historian arranged exercises in all schools, colleges and for the Churches on Sunday, 19th, to use in their Services Lee's favorite hymns, "How Firm a Foundation." All ministers paying tribute to this Christian leader. Over the local radio station were given programs, an address by Mrs. Anderson, with music by Miss Jackson, and Vesper program with address on Gen. Lee. Chief of all activities in the Lee observance was the program requested by the Historian, Mrs. Anderson, when the N. B. C. network carried a dramatization of Lee in their GREAT MOMENTS OF HISTORY program on Monday night, 20th January. This was a perfect characterization of Gen. Lee, given with sympathy and delighting many listeners. The Chapter wired appreciation to the director, Joseph S. Bell, of the National Broadcasting Co. N. Y., for thus honoring Lee.

The Gen J. J. Pettigrew Chapter is looking forward to the dedication of the Memorial Pavilion in the Confederate cemetery in Raleigh, of which its President, Mrs. Williams, is the State Chairman and promoter. A picture of this lovely Memorial will appear next month in the Southern Magazine.

* * * *

MASSACHUSETTS

M. I. T. GETS PORTRAIT OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE

A portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee, celebrated Confederate leader, was presented to the Mass. Institute of Technology by the Boston Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in ceremonies at Technology yesterday (Jan. 29). Formal presentation was made by Mrs. Albert L. Rider, president of the chapter, with Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of the institute, making the response. Mrs. George E. French, chairman of the portrait committee, presided at the exercises and introduced the Rev. Harry Belmont Hill, who spoke on Gen. Lee's work as a soldier and an educator.

The portrait, the work of Miss Selma H. B. Moeller, (of New York) was hung in the Moore room at Technology after the unveiling.—From the Boston Herald, Jan. 21. 1936.

Two Virginians, Mrs. William P. Lawder, 1st Vice President, and Mrs. Olin Fisk Wiley, Historian, both of Boston Chapter, lifted the veil.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is located in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Note: Please send in your items of interest for this department. Address The Southern Magazine, Wytheville, Va.

WANTED—Volume One, Number One of the now extinct "Confederate Veteran," The Camp lacks this number and perhaps among your readers there may be found one who would be willing to sell this copy.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

(Continued from page 40)

CONFEDERAE PENSIONS

In the choice of material for the opening pages of our new Department in the Southern Magazine, the question of pensions to the fast diminishing Veterans of the South comes naturally to our minds. Other matters can perhaps wait, but our old Confederate soldiers are going fast and the time is short for us to show our gratitude and affection for them. Their few remaining days can be made brighter by our united efforts in their behalf in every State of the South.

In fact, our organization is pledged to help the Confederate Veteran. This was perhaps the chief work at the beginning and it still remains paramount.

When one considers the enormous sums that have been paid from the Federal treasury to the veterans of the Union armies, how little and insignificent is the paltry pittance that has been given to the followers of Lee and Beauregard and Johnson. Of course poverty was the chief cause for this—not lack of appreciation or love for the soldier of the South; but time goes on and new situations have developed, and at times our Southern political leaders seem to have forgotten the Confederate Veteran.

In the State Conventions during the past year and also at the general Convention, the Sons of Confederate Veterans have insisted upon more emphasis being put on this question of Confederate pensions in every State in the South. Much good has been produced already, but much

more can be done later if we continue at it.

With the help of the Daughters of the Confederacy, we ought to be able to accomplish much for these old soldiers before it is too late.

Note—T. T. C. Anderson, Ashdown, Arkansas, wishes to communicate with any member of the family of Dr. W. C. Cavanaugh, one of the heroic physicians who worked in the Yellow fever epidemic in Memphis in 1878.

Indian Chiefs

(Continued from page 33)

his tent, an advocate of peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by, and said, 'Logan is a friend of white man'. I had even thought to live with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, who last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet I do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heels to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

TRAVELLER

(Continued from page 36)

the beloved Southern Commander spent the last days of his life.

The following interesting description of Traveller was given by General Lee to an artist who wanted to paint a picture of the horse:

"If I were an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveller, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and dangers and sufferings through which he has passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection and his invariable responses to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughs through the long night marches and days of battle through which he passed. But I am no artist: I can only say he is a Confederate gray."

The last home of Traveller was marked with a bronze plate in October, 1930, by United Daughters of Confederacy of the Virginia Division and appropriate exercises held at this time.

Sketches of Points of Interest in West Virginia

(Continued from page 24)

the estate in 1763. He moved to New York in 1790. He became Major-General during the Revolution.

West Virginia has gratefully acknowledged the genius of her son, James Rumsey, a resident of Jefferson County by the erection of a handsome monument at Shepherdstown, overlooking the Potomac River, on which at night he made the first experimental trip of his steam boat. He made a second nocturnal trial on Sept. 7, 1784. Finally he made a successful daylight trip. George Washington's certificate that he had seen the boat, etc., established the priority of this claim. Rumsey had no money to exploit the invention and Robert Fulton succeeded in gaining credit for being inventor of the steam boat. However, the truth is gaining ground and will eventually be established and accepted.

Hare Wood, near Charlestown, was built by Samuel Washington, a brother of George Washington. His son, George Steptoe Washington, inherited it and lived there with his wife, Lucy Payne, a Quakeress of Virginia and later Philadelphia. The Washingtons made of their home a social center of prominence.

Her sister, Dolly Payne Todd, was tired of Quakerdom and went to the home of her sister, Lucy Washington. Previously Aaron Burr had introduced Dolly to James Madison, who was immediately attracted to the youthful Dolly Todd, twenty-two years old and widow of less than a year.

After a short courtship, in 1794, in the North East Parlor at Hare Wood, Dolly Payne Todd became Dolly Madison, no longer a Quakeress. The wedding was an outstanding social success, and from thence on, and during her reign as mistress of the White House, her leadership was superb and supreme. For the first time there was evolved a court of politeness, fashion and charm at the Nation's Capitol.

Mordington is the Colonial home of Charles Washington, brother of George Washington. He was the founder of Charlestown for whom the town was named. The graves of Charles and his wife are in the meadow below the house, but are unmarked.

A few miles west of Charlestown stands the ruins of Old Stone Church, St. George's Chapel. Its early history is not well defined, but it is believed to have been built 1760-1770, and belonged to Newborne Parish of the Church of England.

The Revolutionary War put an end to the compulsory support of the Church of England by the Colonist and so the building may have soon fallen into disuse and consequent decay. With roof fallen in and timbers rotting to the ground soon there sprung up, and within the walls, trees; still standing as sturdy monuments of the past. The picturesque ruins of St. George with closed lips stands as a sentinel and reveals no secrets.

It was in the Charlestown Court House that John Brown was tried and sentenced.

Berkeley Springs was presented by Lord Fairfax to the State of Virginia prior to the Revolutionary War. Here, Washington brought his bride. He also bought some land for summer home and at present a tree planted by him is still standing. The Washingtons were frequent visitors. It is the property of West Virginia and is maintained as nearly as possible in its original condition and is one of the show places of the State.

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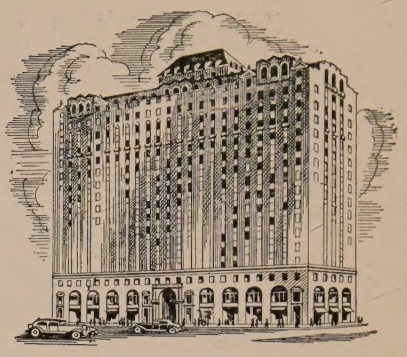

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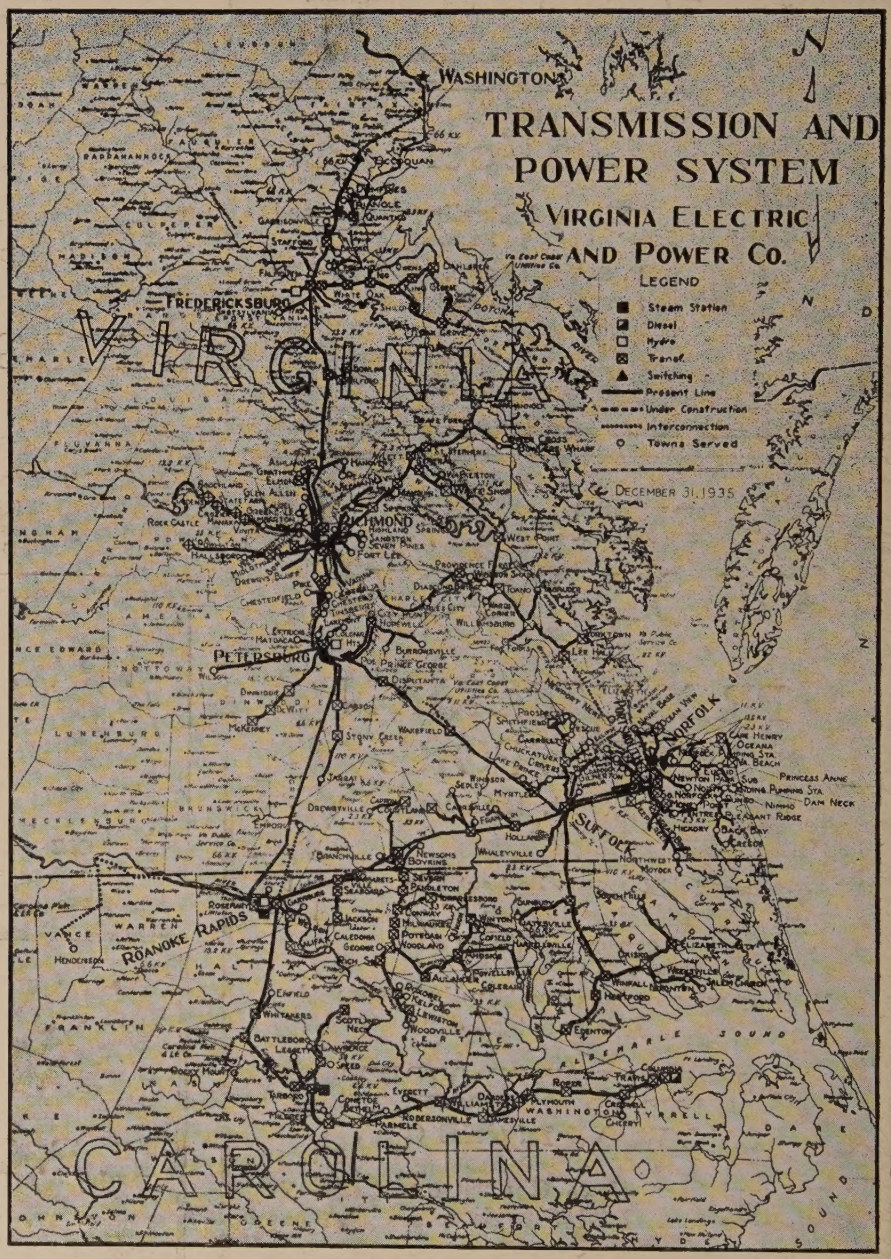

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